

THE JETSONS

by

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Based upon Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc's
Characters "THE JETSONS"
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FIRST DRAFT
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EXT. DEEP SPACE - TIME ETERNAL

TITLES OVER. We're hurtling in silent grace through the outmost reaches of the universe.

NARRATOR

I suppose the universe existed before I did, but who knows? Until you've personally seen a place, is it really there?

We HEAR Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog" echoing through the empty. CAMERA FINDS an alien space capsule zooming past star clusters, comets, nebulae. It looks suspiciously like... a dog house.

NARRATOR

My instruments told me I was headed for a small uncharted planetary system thousands of light years from my own. Maybe it would have inhabitants, and maybe they'd be friendly. Maybe I was happy I was lost.

Within the capsule: the wide-eyed face of a Great Dane puppy looking at his radio --

RADIO

And another great blast from the past here on K-EARTH 101.

Capsule passes a satellite bearing an LED read-out:

Earth -- 8 Million Miles -- Enjoy Coke

EXT. EARTHBOUND CITY PARK - DENVER, COLORADO - DAY

The snow-capped Rockies and a glimmering off-the-ground cityscape beyond. In FG: the remnants of a picnic lunch. A trail of clothes leads to some bushes.

WOMAN (OS)

Sweetheart, here...?

MAN (OS)

It's okay.. We're married now.

WOMAN (OS)

I know, but...

MAN (OS)

There's nobody for miles. And even if there were, I'd see only you.

WOMAN (OS)

Oh, George...

She coos softly. The bushes rustle.

EXT. THE CAPSULE CLOSING IN ON EARTH - DAY

The capsule accelerates through a gauntlet, two centuries worth of Earthen satellites and space stations, toward --

EXT. EARTH'S UPPER STRATOSPHERE - DAY

Sub-orbital rushhour -- the capsule CAREENS wildly through vertically stacked lanes of assorted space traffic.

EXT. THE PARK BUSHES - DAY

Rustling... and stopping.

WOMAN (OS)

Oh, George... and I love you, too.
George!

Capsule WHOOSHES toward bushes, but -- DOINK -- a parachute pops free. The capsule splits open on impact -- and there is the puppy, panting happily toward --

-- GEORGE and JANE JETSON, in their early 20's, buttoning up their hastily-donned clothes as they emerge from the bushes to inspect this new arrival.

NARRATOR (VO)

I knew I was home.

JANE

Oh, George -- isn't he cute?

GEORGE

Believe me, Jane -- he'll be big and ugly soon enough.

NARRATOR (VO)

He should talk.

JANE

(inspects puppy's collar-tag)

He's from another planet. An astro-dog! Do you think we --

GEORGE

Honey, we're trying to start a family,
not an inter-galactic zoo, and we're
barely making the rent as it is.
Sorry, it's just impossible.

JANE

No, you're right. Sorry, Astro.

ASTRO watches forlornly as George and Jane get in their nearby VW space-car and start the gravitators. Beats. Then -- George pops the door and beckons -- and Astro dives into the backseat as if born to it. He plops his mug on George's shoulder, licks his ear --

ASTRO

Ochh, Rrreorge, I rruvv roouu.

Jane and George share an amazed look.

ASTRO (VO)

I was young, how'd you expect me to talk? Later I'd keep it up for appearance's sake.

(the car whizzes off)

So off we went. And little did we know we'd started our family that very day.

INT. CEDARS-CAPRICORN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Nine months later. A baby CRIES -- George hovers over Jane and new-born JUDY. George picks up Judy, holds her overhead and googles at her.

VISIBLE THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT -- a fabulous bright light arcs across the heavens.

GEORGE

Look at that -- a shooting star!
A sign for our little Judy.

Jane follows his gaze OFF -- what George has seen is actually a passing rocket dirigible -- it BLINKS the time and weather, a "Use Comet" animation display arcs brightly again. Touched at his error, she trades a look with half-grown Astro looking in, paws-on-window.

ASTRO (VO)

George didn't get everything right, but what he got wrong he made up for with sheer love.

EXT. MODEST APARTMENT SPACECAR PORT - DAY

Fully-grown Astro holds open the now-aged VW's door as George hustles out very pregnant Jane -- seven-year-old Judy dragging Mom's overnight bag as she brings up the rear.

ASTRO (VO)

Then there was Elroy. From the word go there was no holding him back.

EXT. JETSONS' VW ON SKYWAY - DAY

George piloting madly, while Astro navigates from the backseat. Only Jane is calm, knowing.

JANE

I don't think he's going to wait.

(GASPS, reacts to something within)

ASTRO (VO)

And smart?

George dives to an emergency platform at the side of the Sky-way. Suddenly an out of control vehicle ROARS past from behind them -- a tremendous CRASH OFFSCREEN.

MINUTES LATER

Jane cradles baby ELROY in her arms while a SPACE-COP talks to George, who looks ahead to the smoking crash site.

SPACE-COP

Reversal thrusters failed on him.
I hate to think what might have
happened if you hadn't pulled
over. How'd you know?

All turn and look at Elroy, who beams intelligently at them.

ASTRO (VO)

Yep, Elroy saved all our lives
that day. We were, at last, the
Jetsons.

Hit it, boys -- "The Jetsons Theme Song" plays as the Jetsons Chevy Space Car SOARS gracefully toward us until it FILLS THE SCREEN. Within: the current family -- George, Jane, 16-year-old Judy, 9-year-old Elroy, and beloved wiseguy Astro. The car careens past us, whizzes off to --

EXT. THE SKY-PAD APARTMENTS - TWILIGHT

-- where the car ducks onto the sky-port of the shining Seattle Space Needle image home we know and love.

ASTRO (VO)

Everything was grand, all right,
but life is full of curveballs --
and you never know when the next
one's coming.

TITLES finish as CAMERA MOVES OFF --

EXT. DENVER - NIGHT

-- cut past the towering, blinking, residential areas to --

EXT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - NIGHT

A silvery, circular industrial compound bearing a logo:

Spacely Space Sprockets Corporation
Building a Better Tomorrow Since 2155

INT. PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE: words stretch themselves across a paper-thin translucent computer screen:

"To be or not to be, what a question..."

Computer cursor blinks out the words and replaces them:

"To be or not to be, this is a question..."

A soft-focus hand moves into frame, picks up a coffee cup -- puts it down quickly as another re-write is generated:

"To be or not to be, that is the question, whether 'tis nobler..." (etc.)

REVEAL an experimental CHIMPANZEE -- alone at a console in the center of the room, the author of these immortal words. An array of electrodes and wires connects him to a computer which monitors his every function.

TECHNICIANS in white coats CHEER their experiment from a control area. We FEATURE one of them: a huge, genetic throwback in ill-fitting coat. This is KNUCKLES NUCLEAR. He eases away to --

A SUPPLY ROOM

-- where he pops open a cryogenic freezer -- within: a preformed styrofoam rack holds two clear-plastic cubes. Knuckles PLUCKS out one of the cubes -- reaches for the second cube when all breaks loose -- the freezer unit door automatically SLAMS closed, SIRENS WAIL, SECURITY DOORS close. Knuckles exits -- but a Technician spots him --

TECHNICIAN

Hey, what are you --

Knuckles rips off his lab coat, produces a weapon -- ZAP! -- he stuns the Technician, BLASTS a closing security door from its hinges -- bolts through it and away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COGSWELL'S HOME - NIGHT

Knuckles' black Cadillac space car alights on the spaceport of an earthbound, domed mansion in the ritzy foothills beyond the city. SECRET SERVICE MEN lounge around a space limo parked there. It bears an official seal:

Congress of the
United Space of America

INT. COGSWELL'S HOME - NIGHT

A posh cocktail party in progress. Big shots, beautiful women, classical music. A black-tied ROBOT BUTLER offers champagne around. FEATURE two men -- tall, late 40's, square-jawed captain of industry ARTHUR COGSWELL, and dignified-looking SENATOR ZACHARY.

COGSWELL

(grinning sotto rage)

We had an agreement, you double-dealing reptile. The future of Cogswell Cogs depends on those galactic exploration contracts.

(quickly nodding a frozen grin at passing WELL-WISHERS)

Yes, yes -- jolly to see you.

ZACHARY

(also grinning sotto)

I'm telling you -- my hands are tied until all the bids are in.

COGSWELL

Robotshit! Why --

But Secretary nudges him -- everyone now has a drink, LOOK expectantly. Cogswell changes gears instantly --

COGSWELL

Ladies and Gentlemen, a toast to a great American -- in spite of the fact he's my brother-in-law -- Senator Duke Zachary.

CLINK -- all toast. Cogswell looks OFF -- there is out of place Knuckles Nuclear buling his way to the hors d'oeuvres table. Cogswell slinks over, looks expectantly at him.

KNUCKLES

(stuffing hors d'oeuvres
in his mouth)

Went bad. Only got one of them.

COGSWELL

What?! How can we work the bugs out of the remote unit if...
(cuts off abruptly as:)

A pretty GUEST leans in for a stuffed mushroom. Knuckles ogles her and chomps his food.

COGSWELL

Must you act quite so common?
(Knuckles sneers at him)

I guess you must.

(switching gears)

Only one of them, hmm? Well,
we'll have to make do.

(looks off to Zachary)

We've got to have him in our
pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO -- KITCHEN - MORNING

A large wafer-thin TV screen shows a FLINTSTONES rerun to ROSIE the robot maid as she simultaneously makes four breakfasts -- she fails to notice the scrambled eggs burning in a pan. But now a SIREN WAILS on her control center -- Rosie spots the fire, douses it with her built-in extinguisher, swallows the mess and calmly returns to her show.

INT. GEORGE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Feigning sleep, George lovingly watches Jane model an outfit in the closet mirror. She decides against the outfit, punches a button, and is suddenly wearing something completely different.

JANE

George, what do you think? Too homey? It's been so long since I dressed for the office.

GEORGE

Come closer.

(reaches out a hand)

JANE

George...

She gives in, moves toward him -- and is now wearing only a sheer slip, while the outfit stays where it was mid-air. We realize: the clothes are holographically projected for appraisal.

GEORGE

(pulls her onto the bed)

You are lovely.

(kisses her)

ROSIE (OS)

(sing song)

Warning two, Mr. J. -- rise and shine.

Without breaking stride George heaves a pillow at a blinking "AUTO AWAKE" light at the head of the bed.

ROSIE

Missed. Final countdown --
three, two, one...

VRRRPP -- Jane laughs as George's side of the bed abruptly TILTS upright and shoots him awkwardly onto a moving conveyer belt --

GEORGE

(to Rosie)

Spoilsport...

-- and off he goes to --

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

-- where a Maytag vacuum system strips off his pajamas on the way into the already-running shower --

GEORGE

Yeow! Hotter, Rosie, hotter!

BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

A brightly-colored Mattel "Laserblade" toy "shaves" Elroy as he looks in the mirror and speaks in George's voice:

ELROY/GEORGE

Mr. Spacely, we both know that with Binkley's retirement a major executive slot will be opening up at Spacely Sprockets. And I am just the man to fill it.

REVEAL George next to Elroy -- an adult Gillette "Laserblade" shaving him. Elroy has been mouthing the speech along with his dad. Astro watches from the doorway.

GEORGE

(to Elroy)
Whattaya think, champ?

ELROY

Not a bad opening, Pop. But make him hit your pitch, call him Cosmo.

ASTRO

(barking it)
Rabsorootry!

GEORGE

(shoots Astro a look)
Everybody's a critic.

ELROY

(finishing up)
Well, break a leg, Pop.
(exits with Astro)

GEORGE

(into mirror)
You see, Cosmo, a promotion is more than just a bigger office -- it's an opportunity to test a
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
man's mettle, to challenge his
sense of himself. Not to mention
the extra dough.

INT. ELROY'S ROOM - MORNING

Suspended from the ceiling are Revell models of every aircraft since the Wright Brothers. Elroy fiddles with a build-it-yourself Heathkit device at a drafting table cluttered with complicated projects-in-progress.

ELROY
Hold this, will ya?

Astro rests the device in his paws as Elroy atomic-solders.

ELROY
I'll betcha anything Pop gets in
to see him today.

He looks longingly to a brochure tacked to the wall for "Spaceball Camp" -- photos of kids in uniform playing a 3-D version of baseball.

ELROY
At least I hope so.
(snaps out of it, finishes
soldering)
C'mon -- Operation Judy, minus
ten and counting.

He grabs the device, dons a "Denver Yankees" jacket, exits.

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - MORNING

Stuffed bears, Barbie dolls, signs of girlish times past. All now dominated by a huge 3-D poster of cruelly handsome black-clad rock idol JET SCREAMER. Judy talks to her electronic diary (a booklike device on which her words appear as she speaks them) as she dresses -- her all-black wardrobe a reflection of her adolescent angst.

JUDY
(melancholy)
Dear diary, another dumb Monday,
March 28th, 2187.

Her boots suddenly take several steps by themselves.

JUDY

(hasn't noticed)
Mom starts her job today.

Reaches for the boots -- how did they get over there? She walks over, retrieves them. Behind her, her stool moves.

JUDY

And Daddy, well, you know Daddy --

She sits where the stool was -- CRASHES to the floor. Now a half-on stocking ZIPS off her leg, zooms around the room like a loosed balloon, finally lands on --

-- the move-it device, in Elroy's hand where he's poked it thru the door. He and Astro trade a thumbs up.

JUDY

-- and the wonderchild still
hasn't a clue what manners are!
(jumps up, grabs the
stocking, SLAMS the door)

While I, somehow, endure.

ROSIE (OS)

(sing-song)

Judy -- better get a move on or
you'll be late for school.

JUDY

Oh diary, will it always be to the
mundane -- and never to him?
(moves to poster)
Dearest Jet, take me away from
all this. Take me to the
distant, secret worlds of the
heart...

DIARY

Beware of hopeless fantasies.
Better you should find a real
boy.

JUDY

Oh phaw! Why am I me?

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Elroy and George stand eating, always ready to run. Enter cheerless Judy reading a Driver's Ed. pamphlet. George chokes at her all-black garb.

GEORGE
Dracula's birthday again?

ELROY
Don't sweat it, Dad -- she's just
going through a phase.

JUDY
(sighs)
Boring. I am simply expressing
my individuality.

ELROY
Is that why all your friends
dress like that?

Jane enters, over-dressed for morning. All admire her.

ELROY
Wow, Mom, you guys going to the
opera again tonight?

George gags -- Jane punches him playfully.

JANE
I knew it was too much.
(starts back out)

GEORGE
(pulling her back)
You look great, Janey -- go
ahead, dazzle 'em. Besides, we
want all the time on the road we
can get...

He winks, indicates Judy who is still immersed in the
Driver's Ed. pamphlet. Elroy reads the code --

ELROY
Oh no. To my beloved friend,
Astro, I bequeath my collection of
spaceball cards...

JUDY
In spite of the pathetic opinion
of certain lowly peasants, I have
improved.

EXT./INT. JETSONS' SPACECAR ON SKYWAY - DAY

Neophyte driver Judy frozen to the controls -- the rest of
the family wide-eyed in fear as they soar thru traffic at

ungodly speeds. Astro cowers in back, paws over his eyes.

GEORGE

Not to criticize, sweetheart, but
aren't we going just a little fast?

JUDY

Only twelve hundred.

GEORGE

Twelve hundred?! That's for the
express lane.

JUDY

(consults pamphlet)

Oh -- you're right.

(to dashboard computer)

600 kilometers per hour, please.

-- and the car slows down accordingly. And all relax.

EXT. SCHOOL DROP-OFF POINT - DAY

Many space cars in in a designated zone. Elroy and Astro wear "Schwinn Gravitator" units (strap-on belts for short-distance anti-gravity travel). Before they hop out --

GEORGE

Starting today's game, son?

ELROY

And I'm gonna finish it, too.

Glint-in-her-eye Judy WHISPERS in some functions on the car's computer -- surreptitiously unfastens Elroy's gravitator.

JUDY

Don't be late for dinner.

Elroy and Astro hop out, but Elroy's gravitator remains in Judy's hand -- George and Jane look on surprised as Elroy plummets earthward.

JUDY

I didn't know Elroy could fly.

JANE

Judy...

JUDY

Okay okay.

Judy coolly flicks a button and the car loop-de-loop WHOOSHES down below him, catches him harmlessly in its gravitation field safety net. Judy holds out his gravitator.

JUDY
Forget something?

ELROY
You inter-stellar moron!

GEORGE
Knock it off, you two.
(Judy starts to protest)
I don't care who started it --
settle up.

Reluctantly they shake -- Elroy straps on the gravitator, he and Astro join OTHER KIDS who float like hummingbirds to the school yard below.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEOPLE MOVER STATION - DAY

A commuter depot. Imagine a multi-level network of moving sidewalks ala LAX which take people to and from the urban center. George and Jane among the throngs of COMMUTERS, while Judy waits double-hovered beyond. George notices as Jane nervously takes it all in --

GEORGE
(taking her hand)
You know, you don't have to take
this job. We'll get by, we always
have.

JANE
Oh, George -- you know it's not
just the money.

Suddenly a VOICE from OFF --

VOICE
Jane Cunningham, you old dog!

They turn to see MARSHA, a gaudy-attractive woman Jane's age, her arms open wide.

JANE
Marsha! There you are! Bye, hon'.

Jane pecks George's cheek, rushes off to Marsha.

MARSHA

Hi George, bye George, nice
seeing you again!

(hugs Jane)

Oh, Janey --

(steps back, mischeivious
gleam in her eye)

January 21st, 2168...

JANE

(searching her memory)

Och, umm -- the Delta Gamma house
ski trip to Zurich. You and Randy...
Raymond! October 29th, 2171...

MARSHA

Waitaminute, waitaminute -- that
Halloween party at Veronica
Hansen's. You in that French
maid's outfit that wouldn't stay --

JANE

Marsha, please.

Both laugh as old-hand Marsha guides Jane to the appropriate
people track.

MARSHA

It's gonna be just like old times.

(Jane makes a face)

Come on, this is me -- I know why a
girl leaves the nest after 15 years.

JANE

(emphatic)

Because she needs more -- oh, you
wouldn't understand.

MARSHA

(eyeing a handsome man)

Believe me, I understand perfectly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORBIT HIGH SCHOOL - DROP OFF POINT - DAY

Judy about to hop out while George stares off.

JUDY

Cool your jets, she'll be okay.

GEORGE

(fondly taking her in)

She's done one fine job with you
kids. I guess she can handle the
urban jungle.

A BMW spacecar cruises past, driven by a teen-age GIRL.

GIRL

Hey, Jude! Hi, Mr. Jetson!

Judy and George wave back. George looks impressed.

GEORGE

That her own car?

JUDY

Her dad is some kind of big deal
on Mars.

GEORGE

I wish I knew the magic words to
make you happier, Princess. Say,
you know, maybe now that you've
learned to drive...

JUDY

(anticipating)

Ooohh, Daddy, it's a nice
thought, but -- we both know
better.

(kisses him, hops out, and
as she floats off --)

You're just going through a
phase.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS BUILDING DOCKING STATION - DAY

George floats his Chevy to an abrupt stop into a docking
zone. He hits a button within, scrambles out quickly and
stands back as --

-- a series of electronic BUMPS and GRINDS -- suddenly
a force field envelops the car like an aura, and the thing
folds itself -- bumper by bumper, seat by seat, element by
element, into a traditional looking briefcase, in moments.

But now a Ferrari space cars ROARS in -- its slick-looking
athletic MR. FERRARI driver steps out --

MR. FERRARI

Morning, Jetson, how's it going?
A little rocketball sometime?
(taps George's paunch)
You could use it.

George glowers as Mr. Ferrari produces a remote changer, hits a button -- FLASH, ZAP -- the Ferrari folds itself into a Gucci wallet.

MR. FERRARI

When you gonna dump that crate?
Get with it -- this is the 80's!

George. Grrr...

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER - DAY

The 2187 version of Century City. MUSIC UP as Marsha leads wide-eyed Jane on a whirlwind tour of her new environs --

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

-- trucking toward a clear, vertical plastic tube.

MARSHA

Up, please.

A green LIGHT followed by a chime -- and doors whoosh open on the tube. Marsha and Jane step onto what looks like thin air -- an anti-gravity force field as indicated by a humming purple circle of light.

MARSHA

187, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Thank you. We're Beatrice.

Chime, red LIGHT -- whoosh.

INT. FLOOR 187 - DAY

Marsha's tour continues --

-- introducing Jane to CO-WORKERS in the hall, while Jane struggles to keep straight all the new names and faces.

-- showing her to a cubicle where a ROBOT finishes painting in "Jane Jetson, Botanical Design" on the plexi-glass partition. Inside which --

INT. JANE'S CUBICLE - DAY

-- Marsha punches a button on Jane's workstation "Photosyntheticizer" -- the preprogrammed image of a rose appears on its screen -- and moments later an actual rose "grows" from its synthetic greenhouse.

Jane hugs her in appreciation, but now DARROW knocks and enters -- tall, dark, younger than Jane. Marsha makes intros -- and, at length, Marsha and Darrow move on.

Jane, breathless, drops behind the machine. She produces an ivory caterpillar from her purse, sets it on the machine. Ah, now she feels at home. But she feels a gaze, she looks -- it's Darrow, staring admiringly from beyond. He looks away quickly, enters the big office at hallway's end -- a sign REVEALS "Mr. Darrow" -- the boss. Jane shivers. The work world. Different.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

A vast cheerful room filled with vast cheerful EMPLOYEES at glass-walled work stations.

INT. GEORGE'S WORK STATION - DAY

A name plate: George Jetson, Asst. Director, Human Personnel. Feet parked on his desk, George studies a personal budget on a computer screen. Under "Current Expenses" we glimpse: mortgage, clothes, food, etc., each with a dollar amount. Under a separate heading, "With Promotion", are more entries: spaceball camp, new car, second honeymoon, etc.

George summons new resolve, marches off to:

INT. SPACELY'S EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

Decorated for a king. George conjures up his most authoritative presence, goes to MISS GALAXY, Spacely's secretary.

GEORGE

George Jetson to see Mr. Spacely.

MISS GALAXY

Do you have an appointment?

(George is crumbling already)

I didn't think so. Look, you're welcome to wait, but he's very busy today. Very busy.

CUT TO:

EXT. A GOLF COURSE -- THE 17TH GREEN - DAY

Chink -- COSMO S. SPACELY, the Napoloeonic, cigar-chomping founder and CEO of Spacely Sprockets, knocks in a delicate two foot putt as Arthur Cogswell looks on. Both wear golf knickers, which exaggerates their foot and a half height difference. They look ridiculous together. Knuckles Nuclear and a ROBOT serve as caddies.

COGSWELL

Another six. Astonishing consistency, old boy. At a hundred a stroke you owe me nine hundred and fifty new-dollars. Oh, and seventy-five cents.

(Spacely GLARES at him)
For the ball you borrowed when yours went out of bounds.

Spacely growls, joins Cogswell at a CONTROL PANEL. There, they do an about-face so that they're looking the direction from which they've come.

SPACELY

Last hole, Arthur. Double or nothing?

COGSWELL

How sporting. A five par, hmmmm?

Cogswell punches buttons asking for the 18th hole at Pebble Beach -- and the earth moves. That is, the green they've just played becomes a tee; sand traps are swallowed up and replaced by water hazards; bunkers turn to sand traps.

Spacely's brow furrows as Cogswell tees up.. And just as Cogswell brings the club back to swing --

SPACELY

(quickly)

How's your Expotech project coming?

Whack! -- a sweet 300 yards. Not what Spacely anticipated.

COGSWELL

I'm sorry, what? Expotech? Oh, not so well I'm afraid.

SPACELY
(brightening)
Really? Shame.

Spacely tees up -- brings back his club --

COGSWELL
In fact, we probaly won't have an entry this year.

Spacely swings -- frack! -- a gloriuous 50 feet.

COGSWELL
Shanked it. Pity.

SPACELY
(suspicious)
No Cogswell project at Expotech?

COGSWELL
Not our year, old boy. Simply no way to compete with you. See you on the green.

Cogswell goes to a waiting golf cart, hands his club to Knuckles -- but Knuckles throws it back at him.

COGSWELL
(sotto, getting in cart)
Couldn't you try acting the part?

Knuckles sneers -- Cogswell timidly drops the issue. As the golf cart zooms off we REVEAL: they're on the roof of a gigantic, flat-top skyscraper -- the Denver Athletic Club. A space-saving simulated golf course here in these over-populated times.

COGSWELL
I never knew that the truth could be so useful, dear boy.
(gleeful)
Did you see his reaction? Merely by admitting we haven't gotten anywhere --

KNUCKLES
(he's heard it before)
-- he's twice as convinced that you stole the gizmo and implanted some clown. Big deal. You've outfoxed a moron.

COGSWELL

Now he'll have to go the next step. And we will have a control subject.

He hands Knuckles a remote control unit like that for your TV, Knuckles ponders its arcane functions as we --

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Golf-togged Spacely, his ever-present putter firmly in hand, inspects the damage Knuckles left in his wake -- the blasted door, the wounded Technician. He is accompanied by head researcher DR. BOONE, a beleaguered-looking man about 40.

SPACELY

It's criminal, that's what it is.
Criminal.

Spacely goes to the experimental Chimpanzee at his computer terminal.

SPACELY

And how's my lad today?

DR. BOONE

Terrific -- he finished Shakespeare right after breakfast -- now he's halfway through "Remembrance of Things Past."

SPACELY

It's the future that concerns me.

DR. BOONE

We've been thinking, Mr. Spacely, since Albert's been doing so well, maybe he should be our Expotech entry.

SPACELY

Not good enough. Look, I've just had, er, a meeting with Cogswell -- and I'm convinced he stole the F-202. And what do you think he's going to do? The man has no morals, no conscience -- he's going to put it in a human being.

(MORE)

SPACELY (CONT'D)

(all gasp)

Yes! And exhibit him at Expotech.
Well let me tell you something --
we didn't spend billions of
dollars and manhours just to see
Cogswell beat us to the punch!
Nosiree!

DR. BOONE

I get it -- we're going to put it
in human being too, but we're
going to do it with conscience
and morals?

SPACELY

Don't start.

INT. THE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Spacely and Dr. Boone charge toward Spacely's office. George puts down his copy of POPULAR QUANTUM MECHANICS, leaps up --

SPACELY

Messages?

MISS GALAXY

On your desk.

GEORGE

Mr. Spacely, I'm --

THUNK. Spacely's door closes. George looks at Miss Galaxy.

MISS GALAXY

Very busy.

George sighs, walks off defeated.

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

Spacely moves to his desk, sits. WHRRR -- it quietly elevates so that diminutive Spacely now towers over Dr. Boone.

SPACELY

I know it's risky, but we have no
choice.

DR. BOONE

(consulting a folder)

Well, we do have a volunteer lined up.

(MORE) -----

DR. BOONE (CONT'D)
28, single, IQ of 145. And a
splendid physical specimen -- 185
pounds, 6 foot...
(takes in Spacely's stature,
trails off)

SPACELY

He'll have to do. How soon can
the zero-gravity operating team
be ready?

DR. BOONE

24 hours.

SPACELY

Fine. I want him briefed and in
this office tomorrow morning,
nine o'clock sharp.

INT. AN OFFICE AT SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

Dr. Boone leans into an office --

DR. BOONE

I have interesting news for you.

Mr. Ferrari looks up expectantly from his desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE SPACEBALL FIELD - DAY

The 22nd Century national pastime -- like baseball but
played in off-the-ground anti-gravity conditions on a
transparent forcefield -- imagine laser-like glowing
basepaths, pitcher's mound, ball and bats; with PLAYERS
floating in mid-air.

Pitcher Elroy whistles in a fastball, the BATTER swings --
a high chopper behind second. The SECOND SPACEMAN springs
20 feet vertically and nails the ball, fires down to first
as the RUNNERS move forward a base.

WHOOPS from Elroy's TEAMMATES as he checks the scoreboard --
bottom of the ninth, two outs, his team up by two runs.
FEATURE catcher VLADIMIR as he sets behind the plate --

VLADIMIR

Attaboychik, Elroy, vun more guy
and this vun's in the --

-- a pair of size tens steps into the box -- Vladimir looks up, and up, and up -- to the biggest eleven-year-old we've ever seen -- school bully BUTCH.

VLADIMIR

-- bagski.

BUTCH

(takes his strokes)

You got it, runt -- just vun more guy.

Elroy marshals courage, winds up, lets fly -- Butch takes.

UMPIRE

Steeeeeee!

Butch nonplussed as Vladimir zips back the ball.

BUTCH

Little outside, Jetson -- you can do better than that.

Elroy lets fly again -- swing and a miss.

UMPIRE

Stee-rike two!

Surprised Butch digs in as Elroy toes the rubber, glances at the TWO RUNNERS on base -- time to get serious. The two rivals stare each other down. Here's the windup, the pitch -- WHACK!!! Butch nails a floating curveball -- it flies and flies -- for a three-run homer.

Butch's TEAMMATES carry him off the field triumphantly. Vladimir joins Elroy, pats him on the back.

VLADIMIR

Is okay. Ve get him next time.

But Elroy isn't having any.

CUT TO:

INT. ORBIT HIGH SCHOOL -- VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Judy in a black dance outfit sits across the desk from MISS REENTRY, the Girl's Vice-Principal.

MISS REENTRY

... it's just a normal phase, Judy.

(MORE)

MISS REENTRY (CONT'D)

Why, you've always been a popular girl, well-liked by all your teachers, you get excellent grades.

Judy manages a plastic smile -- er, now what...? Miss Reentry pushes a button -- VRRRRP -- she extracts a small card from a printer, hands it across --

MISS REENTRY

I think I have just the thing to get you back on track -- a special assignment.

INT. VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Judy emerges from the office, looks forlornly to her second-banana best girlfriend KRISTI, who waits expectantly --

KRISTI

So? What'd she say?

JUDY

That my life is over. Finished. As dead as a black hole. She said I'm... normal.

Kristi reacts -- this is the end of the world.

INT. HALLWAY - ORBIT HIGH - DAY

They mull further tragedies as they walk.

KRISTI

You're supposed to show around an exchange student?! From where?

JUDY

(consults card)
Korrinian 3 -- a planet somewhere in the southwest Pleiades.

KRISTI

Another Pleiadian??? But they're all so...

Just then their gaze is drawn to TWO ALIEN STUDENTS passing the other way -- bulbous foreheads, extra noses, etc.

KRISTI

(shudders)
What's his name?

JUDY

Altair. He's supposed to be
waiting for me outside the caf --

Judy and Kristi stop, gasp -- sitting outside the cafeteria
is a dead ringer for Jet Screamer -- except for the fact
that he's lime green from head to toe. This is ALTAIR.

JUDY

-- eteria.

ALTAIR

Hi -- I'm Altair.

Judy and Kristi trade speechless looks -- this is too good
to be true. Judy struggles to recover --

JUDY

Er, uh... hi.

(extends her hand)

I'm --

ALTAIR

(taking it)

Judy Jetson. And you're Kristi
Kane. Best friends since...

(divining it somehow)

... the eighth week of the third
grade, right?

The girls. Stunned. Who is this guy? Altair smiles that
smile, lets go Judy's hand.

ALTAIR

(indicates hand)

All in the grip -- no biggie
where I come from. Maybe someday
I can show you.

Judy -- melting, you bet he can.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A bizarre multi-colored carnation the size of a basketball
dwarfs a vase on the table. George and Judy study the thing
as Rosie serves dinner.

ROSIE

You'll excuse me for saying so, Mrs. J --
(MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)

-- but that looks like something
that exploded in the lab where
they made me.

JANE

Well, it's only my first day
back, Rosie.

GEORGE

Aw, she's just jealous.

He notices still-uniformed Elroy not touching his food.

GEORGE

(nudges Elroy re: flower)
Spectacular -- eh, son?

ELROY

Can I be excused, Pop?

George nods, Elroy goes.

JANE

Oh, George, it was so exciting --
so much has changed.

GEORGE

(distracted)

I'm sorry, what?

JANE

(understanding)

Maybe we better excuse you too.

George goes. Love-struck Judy pulls the monster petals off
the flower one by one.

JUDY

He loves me, he loves me not...

JANE

(sanguine)

Well, I'm glad it's good for
something.

Judy holds one of the colorful petals up against her hair,
her skin, considers...

INT. REC ROOM/ERSATZ YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Elroy stands on the pitcher's mound wearing a super

lightweight, headphone-like Sony "Transportman." He reads the signals from the big league CATCHER, and lets fly with fastball past batter PETE ROSE.

George suddenly appears near the dug-out -- FROM GEORGE'S POV we realize what's taking place: Elroy is in the family rec room, Yankee stadium merely an illusion created by the Transportman device. George checks out a control panel asking for number of players, position selected, time and place, etc. George dons a Transportman, punches buttons --

-- and now, as Elroy looks in for signals, there is George.

ELROY

Oh. Hi, pop.

GEORGE

(to the UMPIRE)

Time out.

On his way to the mound George WALKS THROUGH Pete Rose -- we realize he and the others are holographic.

GEORGE

Sorry, old timer.

(joins Elroy)

You want to tell me about it?

ELROY

Well... Butch Harris won the game off me today with a three-run homer.

GEORGE

The curve?

ELROY

And I had him 0 and 2. Looks like I'm headed for the bullpen.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, son... but you know -- I'll bet when the time is right, when you really need it, you'll be able to throw your pitch.

Elroy does his best to understand, but it's over his head.

ELROY

Mr. Williams says he thinks I could still be a starter if I went to Spaceball Camp. But...

George's heart breaks -- his jaw hardens in grim resolve.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

MUSIC UP as a newly determined George marches down an endless hallway, thru a doorway into --

INT. SPACELY'S SUITE - DAY

-- past the imperious Miss Galaxy and straight to Spacely's office.

MISS GALAXY

Hey, you can't --

Too late, he already has.

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

Enter George, the picture of confidence. There is Spacely in a Hawaiian shirt with golf clubs.

GEORGE

Morning, Cosmo --

SPACELY

Nine o'clock. You must be my man.

GEORGE

Yes sir, I believe I am.

Miss Galaxy rushes in.

MISS GALAXY

I'm sorry, Mr. Spacely, he just barged in.

SPACELY

Of course he did. A man of his caliber, what did you expect?

Miss Galaxy gives George a strange look, scurries out.

SPACELY

(offers hand)

Well, welcome aboard... what was it?

GEORGE

Jetson, sir.

SPACELY

(taking him in)

28, hunh... well, what's in a
number? Gotta hand it to ya --
you got guts.

This is going better than George imagined it would.

GEORGE

Well, thanks, but -- you mean it?
The job is mine?

SPACELY

My people have had their eye on you
for some time -- what was it again?

GEORGE

(beaming)

Jetson, sir. George Jetson.

MEANWHILE:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS SPACE CAR DOCK - DAY

Mr. Ferrari's space car SCREECHES to a stop. Knowing he's late, he simultaneously starts out of the car and pushes the remote fold-up button. Oops -- his sport coat catches on the gear shift -- he struggles to get loose -- too late -- the car begins the familiar fold-up process. It stops at the pressure of his body -- it unfolds -- then folds again.

Ka-chunk-eta, ka-chunk-eta, ka-chunk-eta. Folded, unfolded -- unmercifully trapped in an endless loop.

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

Spacely hands George a Hawaiian shirt, a set of golf clubs.

SPACELY

Put this on, Jetson.

(George looks confused)

Security. For all anyone knows
we'll just be a couple of Las
Venus tourists.

GEORGE

Las Venus? You treat everybody
who gets a promotion like this?

SPACELY

Promotion -- ha ha ha -- good way
to look at it.

GEORGE

(laughs -- hell,
Spacely's the boss)

This is great, but what do I tell
my wife?

SPACELY

(guiding him to the door)
Wife, ha ha ha, that's rich.

EXT. INTER-GALACTIC SPACEPORT - DAY

A mid-city airport busy with a variety of spacecraft.

INT. SPACEPORT - DAY

The airport of the future -- with all the accoutrements and CROWDS of LAX, familiar but for details:

-- robot SKYCAPS with extra limbs -- TWA info screens offering data on flights to and from the Moon, Mars, Las Venus -- ALIENS of assorted shapes and colors.

AT A CHECK-IN DESK

A robot CHECK-IN CLERK hands Jane's friend Marsha a boarding pass.

CLERK

Enjoy your flight.

MARSHA

Thank you.

She eases from the counter, stops as she sees Hawaiian-garbed George and Spacely in a second line. She starts to wave, but a shaved-head, saffron-robed ALIEN moves in her line of sight. She gives up and moves on. The Alien offers incense to Spacely.

SPACELY

Beat it. I gave in another life.

Spacely and George move up to the desk, hand their golf clubs to the robot Clerk.

SPACELY

Tell me, Jetson -- what makes a guy take on a project like this? The challenge? Your name in lights? What?

Clerk routinely puts the bags under an ultra high-beam light.

GEORGE

Mine is a fairly simple dream,
sir -- I just want a couple of
well-adjusted kids and the chance
to give them and their mom the
best of everything.

The bags are ZAPPED in a red glow --

SPACELY

Say no more, Jetson -- why, once
the potentializer's in place and
you get around to starting your
own family, I'll probably be
working for you!

(claps puzzled George
on the back, moves off)

-- the golf bags are instantly shrunk down to less-than-
miniature size. Clerk deposits them in a tiny TWA zip-
lock flight bag, hands them back to George.

CLERK

Enjoy your flight.

GEORGE

Er, Mr. Spacely?

MEANWHILE:

INT. SPACELY'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Ka-chunk-eta, ka-chunk-eta, ka-chunk-eta.

MISS GALAXY

(behind desk, to OFF)
I'm telling you -- he can't be
reached!

REVEAL utterly disheveled Mr. Ferrari -- kicking
desperately at the ever-folding car/wallet clamped on his
foot like a crazed bulldog.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACEPORT - DAY

RADIO TOWER TALK directs a TWA Orbiter Shuttle as it
vertically lifts off ala a hovercraft, air-taxis into
position on the aerial runway.

INT. SHUTTLE - DAY

Spacely dozes under a FORBES MAGAZINE headset while ever-the-tourist George takes in: the inter-galactic comings and goings outside the window; the pretty BLONDE STEWARDESS going through the standard safety-and-exits demo -- their eyes meet, she gives him an "It's a job" shrug and a wink. George barely contains a silly grin. Say, success is okay.

EXT. SPACEPORT - DAY

The tower clears the shuttle for take-off -- it silently fires its anti-gravitational boosters, quietly ZOOMS off into the horizon, leaves the futuristic cityscape behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VENUS SPACE CITY - DAY

A multi-tiered orbiting metropolis 22,000 miles up. Comprised of various research and hospital facilities, residential quarters, a Six Flags amusement park -- the centerpiece is a gaudy neon array of casino/hotels at the core: where the marquee at the Orbit Dunes announces "Dean Martian." Our Shuttle heads inside the space port.

INT. SKY-HYATT LOBBY - DAY

The trademarked elevators and fountains -- outside the giant lobby window a stunning panorama of the Earth far below. George and Spacely emerge from the "To Shuttles" tunnel. Wide-eyed George is immediately drawn to the vast casino room beyond the lobby --

SPACELY

Plenty of time for that later --
the hospital is expecting us.

GEORGE

Hospital?

SPACELY

You don't expect 'em to do the
deed right there on a craps table,
do you?

GEORGE

What dee --

SPACELY

Shhhh! -- we've said too much already.

GEORGE

Mr. Spacely, there seems to be
some confusion here.

SPACELY

Come on, man, tempus fugit.

INT. ZERO GRAVITY HOSPITAL - OPERATING ANTEROOM - DAY

George and Spacely are met by a TEAM OF DOCTORS in operating garb. Beyond a glass partition lies an ultra-trick operating theater, its gallery filled with OBSERVERS. What the... ? The HEAD DOCTOR steps forward --

HEAD DOCTOR

Afternoon, Mr. Spacely... and
this must be our man, Mr.... ?

SPACELY

Doctor McNary -- meet George
Jetson.

GEORGE

(shakes hands, turns
to Spacely)

Kind of a long way to go for a
physical.

(all LOOK at him)

For the promotion.

SPACELY

I think we can drop our little
subterfuge now, we're among friends.

A NURSE descends on George, rolls up his sleeve, preps his arm for an injection --

GEORGE

Hey, wait a minute! What's the
big --

NURSE

(thunk -- he's injected)

For the operation, Mr. Jetson.
This way you won't feel a thing.

GEORGE

What oper...

(swooning as the drug hits)

... ation?

HEAD DOCTOR
He doesn't know?

SPACELY
Of course he knows. Get on with it!

Zoned-out George is carted off as Spacely buries any doubt.

INT. OPERATING THEATER - DAY

TV monitors show cat-scans, a map of the procedure, a MACRO CLOSE-UP of a hi-tech gizmo/implant rotating through three dimensions. The implant resides in a vacuum-sealed cube like the one Knuckles stole. A switch marked "Artificial Gravity" is flicked off and now the operating team floats into place around semi-conscious vertical George, velcroed securely into place.

GEORGE
(blissfully)
"Oh give me a home,
where the buffalo roam..."
(continues throughout)

HEAD DOCTOR
Implant.

An ASSISTANT takes up the cube, places it on a suction tray near George's head. In the gallery overhead, Spacely zealously watches the procedure, leans into a mike --

SPACELY
Whatever you do --

HEAD DOCTOR
-- "don't hit the implant directly with the laser." I know, Mr. Spacely, I know. Scalpel.

ASSISTANT
Scalpel.

He hands the Doctor a small device resembling a tiny soldering iron. VVRUNG -- the Doctor switches it on and with an ultra-thin laser beam begins to carve a hole in George's forehead.

INT. SKY-HYATT -- POOLSIDE - LATER

George comes to on a chaise lounge. He feels the band-aid where the laser incision was made. Spacely leans over him expectantly.

GEORGE

What happened? Where am I?

SPACELY

Always the wiseguy, aren't you. Any of the effects kick in yet?

GEORGE

Effects?

SPACELY

You know -- increased memory, Herculean strength, creative bursts?

GEORGE

Sir?

SPACELY

The operation, man!

GEORGE

(gets up woozily, shakes away cobwebs)

Right... I kinda remember somebody saying something about an operation...

SPACELY

(sticking with him)

Kind of remember? Don't tell me the damned gizmo's backfired...

(George LOOKS at him)

The human potentializer -- Spacely Sprockets Research Project F202. The computer-imprinted organic crystal that's been implanted in your head!

George looks as if he's been hit with a space brick.

SPACELY

The experiment you... volunteered... for.

GEORGE

All I volunteered for was a promotion to Binkley's job.

SPACELY

It was nine o'clock -- you're 28 --

(MORE)

SPACELY (CONT'D)
IQ of a hundred and for...
(looking him over, realizing)
Binkley's job?!

GEORGE
Implant in my brain!?

Simultaneously, rage exploding --

SPACELY AND GEORGE
YOU IDIOT!

Both leap -- they strangle each other --

SPACELY
Promotion?! I'll promote you --
straight to Pluto!

GEORGE
Take it out, you gotta take it out!

SPACELY
It's the last prototype we've
got! We've implanted the entire
future of Spacely Sprockets in
the brain of a moron!

Spacely's rage is greater, George turns redder and redder.

GEORGE
Mr. Spacely, I can't breathe!

SPACELY
We were better off with the
chimpanzee! We could have bought
him a good suit, some glasses,
passed him off as my wife's
brother --

GEORGE
Mr. Spacely! I --

George wrenches loose, simultaneously shoves Spacely away --
but CHOING! -- Spacely FLIES airborne into the pool as if
shot from a cannon. KER-SPLASH. George stops, stunned.

SPACELY
(happily floundering)
Congratulations, Jetson! You
could never have done that
before... It works!

GEORGE

Wow... how about that. How about that!? This may be okay, Mr. Spacely. This may be okay!

SPACELY

Jetson...!

GEORGE

Hunh?

SPACELY

I can't swim!

George starts to dive in -- stops, thinks better of it.

GEORGE

Cosmo, about that promotion...

SPACELY

(glub, glub)

You're promoted! Get me outa here!

GEORGE

And my salary?

SPACELY

A twenty per cent raise!

(George mimes not hearing)

Forty per cent!

GEORGE

Fifty per cent. Plus a half year's salary in advance.

SPACELY

(drowning)

I'd rather drown.

GEORGE

You're the boss.

Spacely goes down for the third time -- only his hand fluttering above the surface -- he makes a thumbs up. And George dives in.

INT. CASINO LOUNGE - LATER

Spacely holds out a wristwatch-like device for George's inspection. The corresponding categories light up on its trick LED display as he describes them --

SPACELY

First it monitors all your activities functions -- work, exercise, thought, sex; cross-references them against all your maintenance functions: food intake, sleep, vitamin and protein reserves. Then, if it finds an imbalance, it tells you about it here.

The watch FLASHES RED -- "Vitamin C -- 1258mg." A WAITER appears, serves drinks --

GEORGE

Guess that's why I had such a craving for this screwdriver.

He quaffs the drink -- the "1258mg" descends to zero, then the mgs FLASH GREEN as they ascend into the positive scale.

SPACELY

Now look, Jetson, over the next thirty days we're going to put you through an in-depth training program. During that time you tell no one. Not a word -- not even to your wife.

GEORGE

Training program?

SPACELY

The works. You've always wanted to get in shape, haven't you? Sure you have -- everybody has. And that list of books you've always meant to read? Well, here's your chance.

(George isn't sold)

All those questions you've never been able to answer for little -- little, er --

JETSON

Elroy.

SPACELY

Right, Elroy. Well, he'll never be in the dark again. You're familiar with the phrase "maximum human potential?"

GEORGE

Sure, we use it in our efficiency reports all the time. Most people never manage to exploit more than ten per cent of theirs.

SPACELY

Well, using a hundred per cent is what this baby's all about. Once you're in balance you'll be the first perfect human being in the galaxy. Perfection, Jetson, imagine the mass marketing possibilities. Mark my words -- someday every man, woman and child in the galaxy will have one these. Come on, let's take you for a spin.

INT. SKY-HYATT CASINO - BLACKJACK TABLES - DAY

Ebullient Spacely and drunk-with-winning George behind a huge pile of chips. The ROBOT DEALER deals a hand to George and the other PLAYERS. George considers his cards -- two jacks. He flips them both up, doubles his bet --

SPACELY

Are you nuts? You've got a lock on twenty and the dealer's showin' a six!

GEORGE

(working it out)

3 decks containing 156 cards, 153 of them played already. 33 of the possible 36 face cards played means --

SPACELY

I believe you, I believe you.

(to Dealer)

Hit him.

Dealer does -- two face cards -- twenty, twice.

GEORGE

-- which means that by process of elimination, his down card must be --

-- Dealer starts to flip his downcard --

GEORGE

... a three.

Three it is. Dealer pushes George a huge pile of chips. Suddenly the blonde Stewardess from the shuttle appears.

STEWARDESS

We meet again.

GEORGE

Oh. Hi.

STEWARDESS

Mind if I join in your luck?

GEORGE

I just hope it holds out.

The Dealer deals -- Stewardess hits a blackjack. She WHOOPS for joy, hugs surprised George and kisses his cheek.

SPACELY

I'd say it just improved.

AT A RACK OF SLOT MACHINES

Marsha looks over to see what the commotion is -- there's George in the grasp of the Stewardess.

MARSHA

Tsk, tsk, Georgey boy, who ever would've thunk it.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO -- KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Dressed-for-work Jane reads the morning Denver Post on an ultra-thin newspaper-sized video screen over coffee. Enter invigorated George -- whistling "Home on the Range" as he pours coffee.

JANE

Aren't we chipper for a guy I couldn't budge ten minutes ago.

GEORGE

(secretly checks "watch")

Nothing like getting exactly the right amount of sleep.

(leans in, kisses her)

(MORE) -----

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry I was so late last night.
There was a little, uh... mix-up
at the office.

JANE

(excitedly)

George, I've been thinking -- now
that we've got a second income,
well...

She punches up the travel section on the newspaper screen --
a VIDEO AD comes up: a family enjoying itself at Six Flags
over Las Venus -- "Call PanAm today for family rates."

JANE

Over Easter break -- we keep
promising the kids...

(eases to him)

... we could get a separate room
-- kind of a second honeymoon.

GEORGE

(ashen)

I can't. I mean I can't now. I
mean... aw, Janey -- there's
something I've gotta tell you.

(Jane LOOKS at him)

But I can't.

Enter Elroy and Astro -- Elroy sees the ad.

ELROY

Oh boy! We're goin' to Las Venus.

JANE

I don't think so, honey.

GEORGE

Yes!

JANE

What?

GEORGE

We're going to have everything we
ever dreamed of.

(gestures watch)

A gift from Spacely. I've been
promoted!

Elroy and Jane CHEER.

JANE
The Binkley job?

GEORGE

Well, yes and no. Look -- I can't say anything right now -- except that I have to be right here on good ol' terra firma for the next month while it, er, kicks in.

ELROY

Oh, boy -- a secret! Tell us!

GEORGE

Let's just say they've made me the company brain.

Enter transformed Judy -- gone the black-clad melancholic; in her stead -- a festive, colorfully-clad young woman. She looks like the carnation.

JUDY

What's all the excitement?

All look. Pleasantly stunned. Elroy starts out --

GEORGE

Where you going?

ELROY

Back to bed and waking up in my own house. This has gotta be a dream.

CUT TO:

MUSIC UP as the Jetson's lives improve in VIGNETTES:

EXT./INT. SPACECAR IN FLIGHT - DAY

A SALESMAN instructs as stogie-smoking George puts a posh new Cadillac Seville spacecar through a SERIES of effortless loops, curls, and vertical dives for the wide-eyed benefit of Jane, Judy, Elroy, and Astro. As it levels off --

SALESMAN

(on calculator)

Let's see, figuring at 48 months and 15 per cent down --

GEORGE

(lightning fast)

-- with 36.5% interest compounded daily means 863 new-dollars a month -- and you throw in the tax and license, dealer's prep, and the wire-rim reactor covers. Deal?

SALESMAN

(taken aback)

You're quite a horse trader, Mr. Jetson. Deal.

They shake, George grins to the family -- all are impressed.

EXT. SKY-PAD SPACEPORT - DAY

Judy implodes with joy as George hands over his trusty old briefcase, dangles the control card on key fob.

GEORGE

Now Princess, having your own car is one of the hallmark steps on the path to adulthood --

(Judy snatches the card from his fingers)
-- it's a responsibility and a privilege that's not to be taken lightly.

(Judy inserts the card in briefcase -- KAZIP! -- it unfolds into the trusty old Chevy)

Why, I'll never forget the day my dad handed over the control card to my first car --

(Judy hops in the car, WHOOSHES away)

I did exactly that.

EXT. JUDY IN CAR - DAY

Zooming along. Radio BLASTING a Jet Screamer hit, Judy WHOOPS for joy. She zips to a stop at an apartment spaceport where Altair shoots baskets. HONK -- she double-takes when he turns -- today he's banana colored.

INT. REC ROOM/ERSATZ-YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Astro wears a Transportman as he watches likewise-adorned George and Elroy work on the curve ball. George pockets the ball in use, winks to Astro and throws back a brand new one.

Elroy reads its embossed printing --

The Pete Rose Spaceball Camp Proudly
Welcomes New Camper Elroy Jetson

-- and catapults into George's arms. They roll, laughing -- gasp as -- Astro bounds into the fray, the three of them sending clouds of dust into the lazy summer sky.

INT. JETSONS' CONDO -- GEORGE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

George consults a copy of COSMICPOLITAN as Jane models an elegant work outfit in the holographic mirror. He whistles, punches buttons on the control panel and -- the modeled outfit now MATERIALIZES neatly folded inside a glowing chute. On a computer screen: I. Magnin -- Debit: 345.75.

Jane gasps at the figure, glances at the pile of like stuff on the bed, not sure about any of this. George quickly hits more buttons -- Jane's ILLUSION OUTFIT transforms into a sexy silk nightgown and camisole. He takes her in his arms, kisses her... and Jane happily relents.

INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Newly redecorated in Architectural Digest-best. On the new sofa, George snoozes/fights for space with Astro, while Elroy huddles at his feet. The Spaceball Game of the Week drones on the new TV in the B.G.

Enter Jane and Judy -- Jane has a brightly gift-wrapped tube behind her back. They come to George, Jane holding out the gift expectantly.

GEORGE
(touched)
For me...?

JANE
I finally picked up my first
paycheck, and well... so open
already.
(he opens)

ELROY
What is it? What is it?

JANE
Something he's wanted all his
life. It's very rare, and very
wonderful.

George reveals a foot long, gold-colored metal tube etched with arcane hieroglyphic-like markings.

ELROY

Wow -- a Cassiopeian kaleidoscope!
(all LOOK, impressed)
We studied 'em in galactic history.

The others take turns looking through it as Elroy remembers the fable.

ELROY

The story goes that the Cassiopeian race was dying, right. They needed everything. Okay, they'd always thought that the kaleidoscope had special powers, but as things got worse, and people got sadder, it looked like it had failed them. Okay, then one day when things looked their darkest, the purest of their leaders put the kaleidoscope to his eye, and in its magical colors and shapes he found the solution to all their problems.

JUDY

Wow, I'm actually impressed.
(hands Elroy the kaleidoscope)

GEORGE

That's very good, kiddo.

ELROY

(looking through it)
There's something I don't get,
Pop. What did he really find?

GEORGE

He found... hope. They say that even now, a person can find it again with this if he loves enough. But that a person who doesn't love, finds nothing but blackness.

A hush falls over them. George's turn -- he puts the glass to his eye and we share his POV -- a warm, psychedelic jigsaw spectrum of magentas, lavenders, and corals --

the very face of truth and beauty.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - GEORGE'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

George, feet-on-desk, admires his new upscale office as a ROBOT PAINTER replaces Binkley's name with George's, while elsewhere --

INT. MR. FERRARI'S OFFICE AT SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

Mr. Ferrari is at his same-old desk, foot in a cast. OUTSIDE, an anti-gravity window-washer platform floats into place. There is Knuckles, disguised as a Robot Window Washer. He consults a photo of Ferrari attached to a Cogswell Cogs Security file.

Knuckles produces the remote control unit, aims it Ferrari, keys in commands -- Ferrari doesn't respond. More commands -- nada again. But elsewhere --

BACK IN GEORGE'S NEW OFFICE

-- the gizmo in George's brain receives the signals -- and he hits himself in the face. George stares at his hand -- and his leg starts vibrating. He takes a step to the door -- his back arches, his feet spread, his ears wiggle -- an Indian Rubberman. He hits himself in the face again.

ROBOT PAINTER
(watching)
Management.

BACK TO FERRARI'S OFFICE

Now Ferrari spots Knuckles, limps to the window for a closer look. Knuckles hides the unit as Ferrari points to a missed spot. Knuckles leans to it. Another spot further away. Knuckles s-t-r-etches for it -- and falls off the platform.

IN GEORGE'S OFFICE

George, no longer remoted, snaps out of it -- leans against the doorframe, gathers his wits just as Spacely appears, the picture of confident expectation.

SPACELY
Well, Jetson -- how's the boy?

GEORGE

(studying his
errant palm)

To be perfectly honest --

SPACELY

Perfection -- that's the ticket!

CUT TO:

INT. TRAINING ENVIRONMENT - DAY

Spacely and George enter a domed coliseum sectioned off into myriad athletic event areas and classrooms -- all dominated by a huge 3-D Diamond Vision holograph which proclaims:

E*X*P*O*T*E*C*H* '87

Spacely Space Sprockets is Proud to Say --
"Meet George Jetson -- Before and After"

Holographs -- before: good old feet-on-desk George; after: George's head in a mortarboard supered on Arnold Schwartznegger's body.

George takes in a ripple-muscled PHYSICAL TRAINER working on someone on a massage table.

SPACELY

Meet your training partner --
Jetson, Albert.

GEORGE

(to Muscles)

My pleasure.

SPACELY

Not him. Him.

Albert the Shakespeare-writing Chimp gets off the table, comes to George, extends his hand.

GEORGE

A monkey?

Albert grins toothily at him, does a back-flip in place. George shudders.

LATER --

Spacely and Dr. Boone watch wired-up George undergo a SERIES of humiliating defeats -- on an OBSTACLE COURSE where Albert...

breezes and George wheezes -- at 3-D CHESS where George studies long and hard, makes a move -- and Albert counters instantly.

GEORGE

Checkmate? Again?

-- IN CALCULUS CLASS where a PROFESSOR watches Albert and George work out arcane formulas on translucent blackboards. Albert makes like Einstein. George makes like a monkey -- ON THE ASTRONAUTILIS MACHINE where Albert casually pins a gauge at "Superman" -- and George struggles to get past "Wuss."

ASTRO (VO)

And so it was that George embarked upon perfection. People... they never really know how far they have to go until it's too late to turn back.

CUT TO:

EXT. JETSONS' CONDO - DAY

CLOSE: George-in-sweats apparently jogs in place.

ASTRO (VO)

Yep, George was in deep, all right, and he wasn't alone. Not yet, anyway.

REVEAL: George is running a reluctant Astro on the Voit exer-belt -- George ups the speed control -- Astro grimaces.

ASTRO (VO)

Me? I had "rabscrootry" no interest in changing along with him. Let me tell you, it's not easy being loyal to a lunatic.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Jane, Judy, Elroy and Rosie take in George as they eat breakfast, look at one another and shrug. Jane checks the time, gathers up the kids -- all wave to George, who waves back. They exit.

OUTSIDE

Now alone, George gets a gleam in his eye -- sets the speed control on "2 Minute Mile."

GEORGE

Attaboy, Astro, ol' buddy -- no
pain no gain...

Astro scrambles to keep up -- but he suddenly loses his footing and is flattened in the speeding mechanism, whips round and round the belt (ala the TV show gag) --

-- while George effortlessly ups his pace, jumping over Astro as if skipping rope. George checks his BEEPING watch, which reads: "Running Program Complete." He nonchalantly hops off the treadmill, stretches luxuriantly, begins his kneebends as Astro continues his hapless circuits.

INT. ELROY'S ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

George eagerly "assists" Elroy with a chemistry assignment. He pours beaker into steaming beaker -- stands back as -- FLOOF! -- a live baby kangaroo springs from the frothy brew.

ELROY

That's swell, Pop, but all we were supposed to do was make the water turn blue.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAWN

George jogs long distance like a boxer while Judy trails him like a trainer in the hand-me-down Chevy spacecar, six feet off the ground. They pass a sign on the ancient grass overgrown road: Interstate Route 80.

JUDY

(yawning)

Daddy, are we there yet?

GEORGE

Just another twenty miles,
sweetie, and then we'll start back.

JUDY

Okay. Just lemme... know.

Judy falls asleep. The Chevy slowly flies off the edge of the cliff-side road, makes lazy circles in the sky. And George runs on, oblivious.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Enter Jane in an apron.

JANE

George, it's time for... aw...

George has fallen asleep on the couch, dream-talking.

GEORGE

Var kan vi ga och dansa?

She smiles, but now notes that he's wearing a Transportman connected to a laser-disk player. She inspects the jacket cover -- "Sleep-Learn Swedish."

GEORGE

Forna gluspack onder glam?

JANE

(starts to shake him)

Honey, your dinner's going to get --

GEORGE

Ja, Ingrid, mitt namn ar George.
Oh Ingrid, ja, Ingrid -- please,
I'm a married man.

JANE

(pulls away abruptly)

I hope you choke on Swedish
meatballs.

(and stalks out)

CUT TO:

EXT. ORBIT HIGH SCHOOL -- ESTABLISHING -- AFTER SCHOOL

INT. ORBIT HIGH AUDITORIUM - DAY

A hand-made 3-D placard:

-- Orbit High Presents "OKLAHOMA" --

-- Order tickets through the Activities Club --

Rehearsal-dressed KIDS are scattered through the auditorium. ON STAGE, dancers Judy and Kristi run through an energetic chorus line number for a harried DIRECTOR ad-libbing instructions. As they dance --

JUDY

-- and he is so cool, you know?
I mean, the way most guys are
always falling all over themselves
to prove how slick they are?
Altair just is.

KRISTI

You are sooo lucky.

JUDY

The only problem is I never know what to wear...

(sees something OFF --
rutabaga-colored Altair
easing into a seat)

See what I mean?

The rehearsal continues, but suddenly self-conscious Judy loses all control of herself -- stumbles into Kristi, knocking down both.

DIRECTOR

Hold it, hold it! Perhaps we'd improve if we'd pay attention to our feet instead of our audience.

(pause)

And one, and two --

They begin again. It does not improve.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GALAXERIA MALL - DAY

A collection of shops, escalators, people movers, etc., populated mostly by KIDS -- hanging out, watching holos, flirting. Judy and Altair snack on ice cream as they stroll. Judy trips over a crack in the sidewalk.

JUDY

(sheepish)

Tsk. I've just got two left feet today.

ALTAIR

You must be part Mantarian. They have six left feet. But you should see them play soccer.

(Judy laughs shortly,
but is clearly undone)

I make you nervous.

JUDY

Oh no -- no no no no...

(realizes)

How do you do it? You're just so together.

ALTAIR

We found it unproductive to
maintain negativity.

JUDY

But you can't just... get rid of it.

ALTAIR

On Korrinian 3 we did. Along with
hatred, despair, anger, vengeance.

(Judy LOOKS at him)

Come on, I'll take you there.

(holds out his hand)

JUDY

(playing along,
offers hand)

Kind of a long way to go, isn't it?

Altair smiles coolly, takes her fingers in his in a special Korrinian mind-merge grip. He closes his eyes, intones a strange Korrinian incantation. Judy giggles nervously, but suddenly a chill runs through her body. She closes her eyes, and is swept off in a swirl of light into --

ALTAIR'S IMAGINATION

The ultimate sky-cam shot zooms through billowy multi-colored clouds -- the atmosphere of Korrinian 3. A translucent Altair and Judy burst out of the clouds -- soar hand-in-hand over a pastel landscape toward a housing complex of identical homes.

They zoom in on a patio where Altair's various-colored blissful FAMILY is having a barbecue -- his mother suddenly senses his presence and waves. Altair nudges Judy to wave back -- she does so, feeling foolish. Altair switches gears, and now takes her higher, faster --

He slides his hand around her waist, and she melts into his arms -- Judy closes her eyes, and they share a long, passionate kiss -- tighter and tighter -- Judy's feelings drawing her deeper and deeper -- farther than she's comfortable --

-- ZAP! She suddenly breaks off the kiss and they are --

BACK IN THE MALL

ALTAIR

I didn't mean to push you.

Judy gasps, eyes wide, pleased, flabbergastedly gestures.

ALTAIR

You liked it.

JUDY

(laughs, dizzy)

Altair, could we sometime -- will
you --

(on Altair -- what is
she saying?)

-- come for dinner soon? My
parents are dying to meet you.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO -- MASTER BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

George is in the bathroom brushing his teeth and doing deep knee-bends. Jane is in the bedroom, clad in the now-realized nightgown and camisole -- she last-second brushes her hair, checks her make-up.

JANE

Honey, it's almost midnight. You
know what it'll be then?

GEORGE

(brightly)

Don't tell me. Tomorrow?

She goes to the bed and turns down the cover just so, eases in, striking a seductive pose.

JANE

Wiseguy. April 11th. Ring any
bells for you?

George thinks, but suddenly his wrist flashes at him -- "Sleep Required." His entire frame sags --

GEORGE

(shaking it off)

April 11. Bells, er.

He enters the bedroom, stops as he sees glowing Jane.

GEORGE

Whoa.

She pulls back the covers for him, pats the bed. He glides to the spot, flicks off the light. Jane snuggles up against

him here in the half-light.

JANE

Come on, you know.

GEORGE

Ummmm -- lemme see -- Ueberrroth's
birthday?

JANE

Oh, George... it's the day you
asked me to marry you.

(runs her hand
along his ear)

GEORGE

(caressing her face)
Of course. Oh honey.

JANE

Remember? Dinner at the Ritz
Lunar, dancing 'til dawn... you
were so romantic that night.

GEORGE

That part I remember.

JANE

Mmmmm, me too. 18 years ago in 7
minutes.

The "watch" flashes urgently at him -- again and again.
George fights the good fight --

GEORGE

18 ye --

-- but loses. Zonk -- he's asleep mid-caress. And
instantly snoring. High and dry Jane just stares at him.

JANE

George Jetson, one word of Swedish
and it'll be your last in any
language.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Jane arrives to find a gift waiting on her machine. She
looks for a card -- there is none. So she opens it, and
within: a Chinese jade broach in the shape of a caterpillar.

JANE

Oh, George, you did remember.

REVEAL the office is now cluttered by caterpillars -- porcelain, moon rock, crystal, many shapes and sizes. She picks up a framed picture of herself and George. "Polar-droid" it says -- she applies a finger to it and it automatically runs a little movie on a loop -- Jane and George sharing a laugh and a kiss, a moving snap shot. Those were the days. She admires the broach... maybe these are too.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE BUILDING -- MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

Jane waits for someone, checks the time. Darrow appears -- they exchange pleasantries. He gestures her to join him, but she begs off. He persists -- realizing she's been stood up, she relents. Off they go. Beat. Marsha appears, watches after -- perfect, just as she planned.

EXT. ROTATING RESTAURANT - DAY

The 22nd Century version -- it not only rotates, it cruises/hovers across the city 190 stories up.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A ROBOT WAITER tosses salad while Darrow freshens Jane's wine glass at a corner table.

DARROW

-- what attracts me is the challenge. Creating things that aren't just different -- but have a function, that really serve people.

JANE

Exactly! Just the other day I ran into someone who was wearing something I'd designed. It changed her whole personality.

A moment. Darrow belts his wine. Freshens their glasses.

DARROW

(indicates the
caterpillar broach)

That looks just as nice as I'd hoped.

JANE

As you'd hoped? You...

He looks expectantly at her, testing the waters.

JANE

(realizing, rattled)

Oh no, please, really, I can't --

(takes it off)

DARROW

Look, I saw it in a shop and I thought of you.

JANE

Well, don't think of me. And don't act so innocent. I can't accept this.

DARROW

Why not? I didn't mean for there to be any strings attached.

JANE

Is everything you say this hard to believe?

DARROW

How about this -- you're a talented woman with a great future. Now what kind of manager would I be if I let it all go to pot over something like this? Though I must say you do have an awfully cute nose...

JANE

(considers broach again -- it is pretty)

This isn't fair -- I ought to be angry with you.

DARROW

(takes it, pins it on)

Of course you're angry with me. Who isn't? I'm the boss.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAINING ENVIRONMENT - DAY

MUSIC UP for SEVERAL CUTS -- Spacely practicing putting as he observes all --

A) -- Albert casually pins his usual "Superman" score on THE

ASTRONAUTILUS MACHINES, looks over to George -- who valiantly struggles to "Superman" and beyond, causing the gauge to EXPLODE.

B) -- Albert considers, makes his 3-D CHESS move with care. George hungrily studies the board, makes his move.

GEORGE

Checkmate.

Albert reacts, looks to Physical Trainer, who nods somberly. Albert goes literal apeshit -- throws the pieces all over the room. George puts up his feet, smiles with satisfaction.

C) -- Ready, Set, Go -- George and Albert burst out of the blocks for THE OBSTACLE COURSE. George takes the decisive lead --

INTERCUT ecstatic Spacely -- he looks at George's incredible improvement, looks at the putter in his hands... and grins -- we see him generating an idea as clearly as if he had a plexiglass skull.

INT. A STEAM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Towel-shrouded Albert tries to sleep in the zero-visibility steaminess. Fully-clothed Spacely enters, putter in hand.

SPACELY

(straining to see)

Jetson? That you there?

(Albert grunts)

Good, good... listen, Jetson, I want you to know, you're doing magnificently. And as a little reward for your efforts, I've been thinking -- well, how'd you like to come out to the club and be my partner against Cogswell for a little golf, enh?

(Albert grunts)

I knew you'd love the idea. Just think of it as a little pre-Expotech demo.

Albert throws a towel at him -- WHAP -- hits him in the face.

SPACELY

(muffled under the towel)

Right. Good. Well. Practice up.

(exits, removes the towel)

Prima donna.....

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS -- CAFETERIA - ANOTHER DAY

Lunchtime jammed. CAMERA FINDS Knuckles, sporting a bogus
Spacely Sprockets ID badge. He points the remote unit into
the room --

INT. TRAINING ENVIRONMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON Albert munching on a banana, REVEAL George doing the same.

BACK TO CAFETERIA

Knuckles keys in commands -- is shocked to see every single employee stand up in unison.

IN THE TRAINING ENVIRONMENT

George and Albert both stand up, regard each other's like behavior with surprise.

BACK TO CAFETERIA

Knuckles discovers the true cause of the mass stand-up -- Spacely making his grand entrance into the room. He gestures "at ease" -- all sit as Knuckles burns, frustratedly keys in commands at random.

IN THE TRAINING ENVIRONMENT

George and Albert go into identical Indian Rubberman routines -- shimmy and shake in unison St. Vitus Dances.

CUT TO:

EXT. COGSWELL COSMIC COGS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Ominous -- it looks like the Universal Tower.

INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Knuckles throws the remote unit at Cogswell --

KNUCKLES
I'm tellin' ya -- it's useless
as lips on a robot.

INT. COGSWELL COGS -- LABORATORY - DAY

CAMERA follows a long long row of tiny, complicated electronic parts and arrives at last -- at the now-empty remote unit casing. Cogswell and Knuckles look at each

other grimly as an aged TECHNICIAN laboriously runs each and every component, piece by rotten piece, through a device that looks like a grocery store battery tester.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH LAB - DAY

A shielded bunker (like an X-ray anteroom) has been erected mid-room. FROM OUTSIDE the sound-proof glass we observe George re-enact the St. Vitus routine for Dr. Boone who final-tweaks some machinery. Then INSIDE --

DR. BOONE

Impossible -- you must've just had a muscle spasm, a pinched nerve.

GEORGE

Both of us? The same spasm? The same nerve?

DR. BOONE

(his own nerve struck)
Damn damn dammit all. I told Spacely to stay away from Cogswell's technology. But nooo -- budgets this, deadlines that...

GEORGE

Cogswell's technology?

Dr. Boone considers -- checks the outer room furtively, closes the door, shuts off the control mikes, lowers the lights. Sighs deep, then --

DR. BOONE

All right, look -- the auto-cranial command system was originally designed by Cogswell Cogs for use in a remote-controlled computer satellite. I oughta know, I worked on it before I came over here.

(George -- so?)

When the F202 started going over budget, well, we cut a few corners. We copied the satellite circuitry, miniaturized it, and put in your head.

GEORGE

You mean Cogswell's out there
remote controlling me?

DR. BOONE

Well, something's out there over-
riding the system. Could just be
random microwave interference --

(George GLARES at him)

Yes, it is unlikely.

GEORGE

(reeling)

This is not what I agreed to...
come to think of it I didn't
agree to anything. We've gotta
tell the old man, have him call
it off...

DR. BOONE

It's not that easy, George. Look
-- next to beating Cogswell at
golf, the potentializer is
Spacely's one great dream. He's
got everything tied up in it --
he's second-mortgaged his house,
hocked his life insurance, his
kid's college tuition, even his
wife's jewelry.

GEORGE

(swearing)

Detta ar inte mina skor!

DR. BOONE

The thing is -- that in spite of
all his bluster, Spacely's actually
a pretty decent human being.

GEORGE

Spacely? Little guy about 4 foot
ten?

DR. BOONE

And if he knew you were in real
danger he'd call it off. Naturally,
the experiment fails, everybody's
out of a job and they all hate
you. On the other hand, if you
could stick with it, get to the
bottom of this, let the experiment
succeed, well -- need I say more?

GEORGE

Are you out of your lab coat?
Forget it!

DR. BOONE

You'd be a hero! Imagine how
your son would look up to you
then.

GEORGE

Better he should look down on a
live scapegoat than up to a dead
guinea pig.

Both look up at a KNOCK -- Spacely waves exuberantly to them
from outside the glass.

DR. BOONE

Your choice, George. Hero or
goat.

Spacely enters the bunker.

SPACELY

So -- how're my boys? Everything
A-OK, Jetson?

A beat as George and Dr. Boone share a look.

GEORGE

(sighs)

Top drawer, sir. Let me at 'em.

SPACELY

Good -- 'cause today we're really
gonna knock your anti-gravity
boots off!

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

Dr. Boone supervises as TECHNICIANS strap George under a device
which resembles a beauty shop hair-dryer on acid -- a gaggle
of lights, wires, transistors.

SPACELY

A teaching machine from Hieronymus
12. Two minutes under this baby
and you'll be a walking
encyclopedia. Theoretically.

GEORGE
Theoretically?

SPACELY
(to Dr. Boone)
All set?

DR. BOONE
Just about -- data base, check;
time code, check; self-destruct
mechanism --

GEORGE
Self-what?!?

SPACELY
Calm down, Jetson -- you know how
much I've got invested in that noggin
of yours? I'm not about to let
it all go up in a cloud of smoke.

DR. BOONE
Ready. Zero minus five and
counting. Five, four --

He flips a switch and races to join Spacely and others in
the bunker.

DR. BOONE
Three, two, one!

KER-CRACKLE, KA-ZIP -- a huge cloud of SMOKE bursts from the
teaching machine.

MOMENTS LATER

-- amazed Spacely and company watch eyes-glazed George the
walking encyclopedia --

GEORGE
... thus we can demonstrate that
the gravity minus 2.8 ergs times
the cube of the electromagnetic
current --

(switches to thick
Viennese accent)

-- traumatic injury to the
cathartic impulse resulting in
severe depressive dysfunction --

Dr. Boone checks George's flashing "watch" -- "Still Saving
to Memory."

DR. BOONE

Data overload -- too much info
for his short-term memory
buffers.

GEORGE

(glaring at Spacely)
-- associated with delusions of
grandeur classically symptomatic
of an advanced Napoleon complex!

Spacely looks a slow burn at Dr. Boone.

DR. BOONE

Don't worry, he'll be going in and
out of it until everything filters
down to long-term storage.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO -- KITCHEN - NIGHT

Impatient, eye-rolling Judy frets as Jane flips through her
antique wooden recipe box.

JANE

I know it's hard work, but
someday you'll thank me.

(pulling out card)

Ah, here it is. I'll never
forget the first time I made this
for your father. We were so poor
then... but happy... ?

JUDY

Mo-om, Altair'll be here any sec.

Jane snaps out of it, hands Judy the card.

JUDY

(reads)

Half a cup of sugar, fold together
with four eggs, lightly blended.

As she speaks, her listed ingredients READ-OUT on an
Osterizer monitor, which then automatically remote-
deposits and mixes them.

JANE

And don't forget, for that secret
Jetson touch, two teaspoons of
cinnamon.

JUDY

Bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit? Shouldn't it be 25 seconds? And what's Fahrenheit?

JANE

I told you it was an old recipe.
Where can your father be?

EXT. NEXT TO SKYWAY - NIGHT

Speeding Skyway traffic -- CAMERA moves to ground level where wide-eyed determined George races the traffic on foot.

GEORGE

... thus objects of experience -- phenomena -- may be known, but things lying beyond the realm of experience -- noumena, or things-in-themselves -- are unknowable.

INT. JETSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

The front door CHIMES the first four notes of "Meet George Jetson." Elroy and Judy race to answer it. Elroy gets there first, opens the door. There is Altair, eggplant purple. He carries a bottle of wine.

ALTAIR

Ah, the famous Elroy.

ELROY

(wide-eyed)

Ah, the famous Altair.

JUDY

(snarling)

I've got it, mega-twerp.

(instant sweetness
and light)

Good evening, won't you come in?

ELROY

What is this, dancing school?

JUDY

Mom! Do you need help in the kitchen, pleeeeze?

IN THE LIVING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Judy and Altair sitting ill-at-ease.

ALTAIR

(re: the wine)

I hope your folks like this stuff.

JUDY

That's father's favorite. Um, what else. Mom's cool, but Daddy -- he's cool, too, but kinda overall naive. Oh -- but whatever happens, let me be the one to bring up going to your planet. It's not going to be easy -- but how can they say no with you sitting right there?

IN THE KITCHEN

Elroy sits on a high stool sampling cake frosting. George suddenly rises into view outside, enters by the back door.

GEORGE

Mmmmm -- what's cookin'?

George moves to lift the lid on the saucepan, Jane positions herself to kiss him on the way -- he pulls back, eyes glazed.

GEORGE

Mmm -- a ritual osculation connoting mutual affection.

Jane studies him.

ELROY

Hiya Pop!

(raises hand to high-five)

GEORGE

Hiya sport!

SLAP! -- they high-five with such force that and Elroy SPINS around and around on the stool.

ELROY

Yeow!

JANE

(gingerly)

Altair is here for dinner. Judy's foreign friend?

(George -- oh, him)

George... be nice.

GEORGE

Come on, Jane, you know me.

Jane recalls the kiss, looks at Elroy spinning. Does she?

AT THE DINNER TABLE

Rosie serves while nervous Judy watches Altair show his skin to fascinated Elroy.

ALTAIR

It's kind of like a barometer.
It all started --

GEORGE

(eyes glazing over)
-- during the Korrinian Ice Age.

ALTAIR

Er, right. You see, for a
thousand years --

GEORGE

(on automatic)
-- the planet was enveloped in a
post-pluvial sub-zero cloud of
condensation --

Judy glares at him.

ALTAIR

(racing)
-- which changed the basic pigment
structure --

GEORGE

-- genetically evolving into the
chameleon-like epidermis we see
today.

JUDY

Daddy...!

ROSIE

(quickly producing wine)
Oh -- look what Altair brought,
Mr. J.

GEORGE

(himself)

Ah, my fav --

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(trancing again)

-- an alcoholic beverage made by
the fermentation of grapes
characterized by color, bouquet
and alcoholic content.

(passes bottle on,
himself again)

But I'm in training.

Judy. Dying. Decides to take the plunge.

JUDY

Umm, maybe this isn't quite
the time, but -- there's
something I need to ask you.

GEORGE

Fire away, Princess.

JUDY

Well, thing is, Spring Break is
coming up, and -- well, Altair
has asked me to come visit his
planet.

GEORGE

(automatic)

In order to reach emotional
maturity the young female adult
must exercise an independent
decision making process.

JUDY

Does that mean I should go?

LATER:

Post-dinner. Judy is seeing out Altair at the front door.
George enters the kitchen in his jogging suit. BEEP, BEEP
-- his watch indicates: "Memory Storage Complete."

GEORGE

Anybody for a little exercise?

(looking around)

Astro?

O.S. we HEAR the clattering of Great Dane paws on linoleum
followed by a tremendous CRASH into a closet. Now the front
door closes, and Judy STOMPS in.

JUDY

(livid)

Father, if you hated him so much
why didn't you just say so instead
of --

(bursts into tears and
rushes from room)

GEORGE

(mystified)

What's she talking about?

Jane gently but firmly takes his hand and guides him toward their bedroom. Elroy and Astro look around a corner -- is it safe?

ELROY

Maybe it's not a dream.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jane paces like a hungry tigress.

JANE

Our having problems is one thing
-- but taking it out on the kids
-- it's just not fair.

GEORGE

Since when are we having problems?

JANE

(disbelieving)

Since when? George, George, I
feel as if I don't even know you
anymore. Is it the strain of the
new job? Please, tell me what's
the matter, I'll understand.

GEORGE

Everything's great.

(Jane LOOKS at him)

I have been kind of out of it,
haven't I.

(Jane -- oh)

Let me make up for it. We'll all
do something together, say -- a
picnic! Judy used to love that.

JANE

A picnic -- what -- for a lecture
on anthills? She's sixteen, not six.

GEORGE

(lost)

She is, isn't she...

(fogging up)

You remember the time she was an angel in the Christmas play and one of her wings broke? And how she had us go to the hospital so a doctor could fix it?

Jane's anger gives way despite herself.. She comes to him.

JANE

You are such a square.

(touches him)

Don't worry, we'll find something to do on Saturday. Now how 'bout a little ritual osculation.

(George -- hunh?)

Kiss me, you fool.

He's about to when the video-phone BEEPS. George answers and Spacely's image appears.

SPACELY

Jetson, great news -- we're confirmed! We've got a nine o'clock tee-off Saturday with Cogswell and get this -- Senator Zachary! Heh-heh, this is gonna be beautiful.

GEORGE

Golf, Mr. Spacely?

SPACELY

(craning around George)

Oh -- is that the wife there? Helluva guy you've got there, Jane, helluva guy. See you then, Jetson.

And ZAP -- he's gone.

GEORGE

(mind racing)

Perfect! A chance to get a line on Cogswell...

(Jane stares icily at him)

Jane -- I'm sorry. Please trust me on this. I have to go.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm only doing it for us.
(Jane's freezing over)
Oh God, Jane, say something.

Jane gathers up a pillow and blanket, throws them in his face --

JANE

Good night.

-- pushes him out of the bedroom and SLAMS the door.

IN THE HALLWAY

George stands there looking at the door. There's a BEEPING from his wrist: "Romantic Activity Required."

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

George shivers under a cold, cold shower.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO - DAY

Elroy ignores Saturday morning cartoons, half-heardedly tosses his new ball into his spaceball glove as he looks out to the spaceport --

-- where George loads shiny new clubs into his shiny new Cadillac -- and takes off.

IN THE KITCHEN

Jane finishes up a kid's breakfast feast -- waffles, pancakes, muffins.

JANE

(calling)

Elroy, it's ready. You know what I was thinking, as long as we have some time together...

(looks up, where is he?)

Elroy?

She enters the living room -- there are the glove and the new spaceball camp ball, out of action on the couch. She picks up the ball, examines it. Elroy has scratched out his name.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB -- ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

George and Spacely cruise toward the 1st tee in a spacecart.

SPACELY

(gleeful)

Twenty years that hi-rise mutant
has been taking my hard-earned
dough. Well, today the buck
stops here.

(his pocket)

Now look, a good hustle has gotta
be eased into gently. You find the
traps, build a home in the rough
-- then blam! We'll kick the ante
and stick it to 'em on the back
nine. Got it?

GEORGE

Sure, sure, but you know, Mr.
Spacely, I --

Too late. They're arrived at the --

EXT. THE FIRST TEE - DAY

A series of handshakes among the foursome -- Spacely,
George, Cogswell and Senator Zachary. Caddie Knuckles
hovers lugubriously. They select a hole on the control
panel, and as they ease to the tee --

ZACHARY

Two mighty captains of industry
carrying their healthy
competition to the friendly
confines of the great outdoors.
Ah... the American way.

SPACELY

(with a wink to George)

How about we raise the stakes
today -- in honor of the Senator.
Say -- five hundred a hole. Best
score for either pair takes it.

COGSWELL

My my -- awfully cocky today,
Spacely. You're on.

ZACHARY

(sidles up to George)

Take it awfully seriously, don't they? What's your handicap, Mr. Jetson?

GEORGE

Handicap?

(thinking fast)

Just that I keep having these...

(pointedly at Cogswell)

... strange attacks at work.

COGSWELL

(re: Spacely)

Comes with the territory I should think.

(gestures tee)

Shall we?

MOMENTS LATER

George at the tee as Spacely returns to retrieve his tee.

SPACELY

(sotto)

Remember, make it good, be bad.

George readies -- swings -- misses. Cogswell and Zachary share a confident look. George SWINGS again -- a glorious fifty feet.

IN GEORGE AND SPACELY'S SPACECART -- MOMENTS LATER

SPACELY

I think you're overdoing it a bit.

GEORGE

What overdoing it? I've never played golf.

(Spacely pales -- WHAT!?!)

Look -- I'm only doing this because...

(realizes, leaps out to ball)

Never mind. Don't worry, I'll get it -- I'm the quickest study in the galaxy.

(lines up, thinks, WHACK!)

-- another fifty feet --

he runs after the ball,
calls back)

I'll get it, I'll get it!

WHACK! Run. WHACK! Run. It looks like polo.

EXT. THE FIRST GREEN - DAY

George puts out. Cogswell has a scorecard at the ready.

ZACHARY

I'm a 5.

GEORGE

Guess that beats my 28.

COGSWELL

You got that part right. 4 for
me. Well, our hole. Jolly fun,
hmmmm?

EXT. THE 2ND TEE - DAY

George intently studies Cogswell's magnificent tee-off. As George replays what he's just seen -- we dive INTO HIS MIND'S EYE -- a frame by frame computer graphic analysis of the golf swing. George practices the swing -- forcing his body to copy what his mind sees.

Now George steps up to the ball -- and CRUSHES it -- it goes and goes and goes --

EXT. THE EDGE OF SPACE

-- a speeding something ZOOMS at camera -- "Dunlop Max-fli" it says as it WHISTLES past, and continues its path around --

EXT. THE EARTH

-- which it ORBITS --

EXT. THE 2ND HOLE - DAY

-- and passes over our foursome from behind, landing up ahead on the green, flat as a pancake, 5 feet from the pin.

SPACELY

(ever so casually)

Well, that'll play.

Cogswell and Zachary look, er, amazed. But CAMERA finds Knuckles, formulating a thought in his beefy skull.

EXT. THE COURSE - DAY

A MONTAGE features George concentrating -- WHACK! -- out of . . .

sand traps -- WHACK! -- over water -- learning, improving.
INTERCUT with Knuckles -- observing, concluding.

EXT. THE 18TH TEE - DAY

The foursome and Knuckles at the control panel.

COGSWELL
(consulting scorecard)
12 holes for us, 5 for you.

Spacely and George huddle in private, break.

SPACELY
Let's make it fun, enh? Double or nothing on the day. We win, we owe you nothing. You win, Jetson and I are out 7 G's.

ZACHARY
A bold gesture, Spacely.

COGSWELL
Which of course we accept. But let's make it even more interesting, shall we?
(moves to control panel,
punches in something)
Let's play the 18th at... Lorna Doone.

All gasp -- they turn to look at what the course has become: a craggly, rock-ridden Scottish moor swept by gale-force winds and dotted by animals. Golf hell.

SPACELY
(yelling over the wind)
The toughest hole ever devised.
A 480 yard par four dog-leg uphill over sheep.

COGSWELL
I believe you won the last hole,
Jetson.
(gestures him to the tee)

George tees up. Prays, concentrates for all he's worth -- and SWINGS -- you know what happens: the ball sails the 480 treacherous yards -- and ZINK -- lands in the hole on the fly.

SPACELY

Yahooo!

He grabs George around the knees, dances a Scottish reel.

EXT. THE CLUBHOUSE - LATER

Knuckles studies the scorecard as the foursome settles up, shakes hands and disperses. Cogswell is fit to be tied as he joins Knuckles.

KNUCKLES

Pretty good for a fish, if you ask me. Like in fishy.

(Cogswell LOOKS at him)
Don't you think there was a reason he was such a hotshot?

Cogswell. Getting it.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER THE CITY - DAY

Sad MUSIC accompanies Elroy as he drifts along on his gravitator. Dwarfed by the sprawling metropolis beyond, the skyway overhead, he is a lonely figure. He casts a look at the zooming cars -- full of happy families on their merry weekend ways.

EXT. GALAXERIA MALL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Elroy lands on the pedestrian deck.

INT. GALAXERIA MALL - DAY

Elroy weaves aimlessly through CROWDS of Saturday shoppers. In an isolated corner he spots a familiar face -- spaceball-great/school-bully Butch Harris in conference of some kind with his gang of toadying PALS.

Elroy steers away, wanders forlornly past a cornucopia of shops offering glitzy displays of wonderous gadgets of every stripe -- but they hold no magic for our boy. Suddenly he brightens -- SEES his buddy Vladimir up ahead.

ELROY

(starts to wave)

Hey, Vlad...

But Vladimir's FATHER emerges from a shop, joins him. Elroy sinks, stuffs his hands in his pockets, wanders on, head

down -- and finds that he has circled back to Butch and his gang. He ventures close enough to listen --

PAL ONE

-- but Butch, it's impossible --
old man Roberts always throws us
out.

PAL TWO

Yeah -- what if we get caught?

BUTCH

You wimps ever been with a
Playmate? I'm tellin' you -- we
gotta find a way.

Elroy hears all -- looks off -- SEES Vladimir and his dad
windowshopping -- and is impelled to step forward.

ELROY

I know how we can pull it off.

Elroy produces the move-it device he built way back when.
Butch and gang turn -- surprised but interested.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - ELSEWHERE IN THE MALL - DAY

The alien SHOPKEEPER rings up charges on Judy and Kristi's
"Oklahoma" costumes. In the B.G. a poster announces same --
"Tickets on Sale Here."

KRISTI

So, are you going?

JUDY

I haven't decided yet. Would you?

KRISTI

My parents would laser me before
they'd let me go to another planet
with a guy.

SHOPKEEPER

Comes to \$42.50.

Judy runs her hand over a scanning device on the register --
it blinks out "Payment Approved." He hands over the
costumes.

SHOPKEEPER

You girls break a leg tonight.

JUDY

Thanks, Mr. Plutoberg.

As they exit --

JUDY

It's more than just going to his planet. Altair is very... mature.

KRISTI

(realizing)

Oh... how much do you like him?
that much?

JUDY

I don't know. I tried talking to my dad -- but he didn't care what I did. It's not fair -- I've got all the responsibility and none of the experience. If only he'd talk to me...

KRISTI

Sounds like maybe you've got to get the experience yourself.

Judy. Shivers.

INT. GALAXERIA THRIFTIMART - DAY

Elroy sweats bullets as he looks up behind the register counter -- to an off-limits-to-kids display of evocative Playboy "girlie-o-grams." The DRUGGIST starts over -- Elroy instantly feigns interest in the sundries behind him.

DRUGGIST

Well, if it isn't young Jetson.
How's your dad, son?

ELROY

Just fine, Mr. Roberts.

DRUGGIST

Something I can help you with?

ELROY

Naw -- I can find it, thanks.

Butch and gang noisily enter, head for the candy section.

DRUGGIST

(rushing to them)

Hey! I told you punks never to come in here again.

He grabs Butch and a pal by the scruff of the neck, marshals them all toward the door.

BUTCH

I know my rights -- it's a free country.

DRUGGIST

You think everything's free.

All a diversion. While Druggist tosses them, Elroy aims the move-it device at a girlie-o-gram, guides it off the shelf and up under his shirt. Dirty work finished, the Druggist heads back to join him at the register.

Elroy suddenly realizes his hands are empty. He's next to the sundries -- spots toothpaste, and -- one eye on the Druggist -- grabs for it, misses, obliviously picks up something else. He musters his courage, goes to the register.

DRUGGIST

Find it?

ELROY

Yep, good thing too, I was just about out.

(hands over his purchase)

Druggist takes it, reacts -- Elroy has grabbed a tube of lipstick.

ELROY

(reddening)

Er, uh... for my Mom.

Elroy quakes. Druggist eyes him at length -- rings it up.

INT. GALAXERIA INNARDS - MOMENTS LATER

Trash cans, plumbing and heating ducts -- the 22nd century version of a back alley. The gang in a circle as Elroy produces the contraband.

BUTCH

(admiring cover picture)

Miss November! All right --

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)

"horsebackriding, sailing,
and candlelight dinners with a
sensitive Mr. Right." Just my
type. Jetson -- ya did okay.

Elroy nods, but somewhat ashamedly backs out of the circle
as the others gather close around Butch. He turns on the
cassette -- it emits an intense BLUE GLOW. The glow assumes
a life-sized shape -- and becomes a lingerie-clad,
transparent PLAYMATE.

PLAYMATE

(Betty Boop sexy)

Hi! My name's Julie! I like to
go skiing and lie in the sun!

She starts a slow-strip of her lingerie, her eyes dancing,
her mouth luxurious. Her young charges couldn't be more
terrified if she were Frankenstein's monster.

BUTCH

S-s-say -- pretty c-c-cool, hunh?

Suddenly, a VOICE from OFF --

VLADIMIR

Hey! Elroy! I t'ink I see you
come in here.

ELROY

Vlad -- I thought you were with
your Dad.

VLADIMIR

(joins them)

I vas, but you look so bummed
that I...

(takes in girlie-o-gram)

Wow. Miss Nowember.

BUTCH

Hey, beat it, borscht-breath.

ELROY

Knock if off, Butch. He can stay
if he wants.

BUTCH

He hasn't earned it.

(shoves Vladimir hard)

Besides, no girls allowed.

ELROY

(stepping in between them)
He's my friend and I say he
stays.

BUTCH

Oh, yeah? And who are you?

ELROY

Your ticket to Mars, moonbrain.

And Elroy EXPLODES on him -- a BLURR of fists powered by seventy-seven pounds of pure unbridled rage. A SECURITY COP appears at alley's end --

SECURITY COP

Hey you kids!

Gang scatters. Security Cop collars Elroy and Butch while loyal Vladimir stands by, looks at the girlie-o-gram --

PLAYMATE

-- and I hope to one day pursue an exciting career in motion pictures!

CUT TO:

EXT. JETSONS' CONDO - EVENING

CAMERA looks in at the master bedroom where George and Jane argue demonstratively as they dress for an evening out. We HEAR fragments -- "... needs his father!" "... doing it for Elroy..." "... fighting and shoplifting" etc.

INT. ELROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The argument louder. Haunted Elroy listens in the dark. Though clad in Sunday best he is a shambles -- ice on black eye, salve on split lip, fingers in splints -- he looks like a medicine cabinet.

JANE (O.S.)

Ready, Elroy? Time to go.

Elroy wipes a tear away, exits.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAINING ENVIRONMENT - NIGHT

Physical Trainer enters, stops, horrified. The place has

been destroyed -- Astronautilis machines wrecked, classrooms razed, obstacle course smashed. Trainer picks up a barbell -- it has been bent into a U-shape. He investigates further -- the Hieronymous 12 teaching machine has exploded.

Trainer's face falls as he looks OFF -- there, lying under the massage table... is Albert, crackling with erratic orange flashes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORBIT HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

MUSIC and SINGING are heard within -- the closing number of Act One -- "Oklahoma." Music crescendos. APPLAUSE.

INT. AUDITORIUM LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Crowded intermission. Impressed PARENTS brag about their kids. George, Jane, and Elroy look glum as Marsha and her date Darrow appear beyond.

JANE

(sotto)

Put on a good face, George. The whole world doesn't have to know.

(quickly)

Marsha, hi!

MARSHA

Oh, Jane, isn't Judy just the best? Wonderful!

(leading her away, assessing her)

Wish I could say the same for her mom.

JANE

It's that obvious?

MARSHA

It's that man, isn't it?

(Jane looks away)

Janey, Janey, I can't go on keeping secrets from you.

(Jane looks fearful)

You remember a few weeks ago when I went up to Las Venus? Well...

BEYOND

George and Elroy hang uncomfortably with Darrow.

DARROW

(sipping Coke)

... yep, your loss has certainly been our gain -- Jane's the best thing to come down our pike in some time. You're a lucky guy, George.

George squirms, Elroy sees -- can't stand it. He produces his move-it device, aims -- SPLASH -- Coke all over Darrow's good suit. Darrow looks around for someone to blame, then moves off to clean up. George has seen it all.

GEORGE

Thanks.

ELROY

There's only one thing it won't bring back.

(George kneels to be closer)

I've missed you, Dad.

GEORGE

(heart breaking)

I've missed you too.

(Elroy moves into a hug)

I'll be back. I promise.

MARSHA AND JANE

Jane reels.

MARSHA

Swedish? Well, she was awfully blonde...

Lights blink for Act Two. George and Elroy appear.

GEORGE

Honey --

JANE

Don't you honey me, Olaf.

She pulls Elroy with her into the auditorium, George in pursuit. The lobby empties as MUSIC starts. Stepping in like a spectre from the darkness outside -- is Knuckles, remote unit at the ready. And entering behind him -- Astro. They take positions at the ends of the aisles, unaware of each other. -- Knuckles searches the audience for --

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

-- George, Jane, and Elroy watching the show in progress. They sit mid-row about halfway back.

GEORGE

Jane, listen --

HUSHES. George settles in. His arm snakes around Jane's shoulder. She shakes him off. George gestures apologies -- suddenly his hand darts to her knee. Jane glares, removes it. George, mystified, looks at his potentializer watch -- ".*.*B:-({#&%^&*-." What?!?

INTERCUT Knuckles -- grinning at his success.

ON STAGE

A dance number begins featuring Judy and several BOYS.

IN THE AUDIENCE

A surprised George jolts to his feet --

GEORGE

Oh no, not now. Not here.

ZAP -- he clomps past people producing "Ouches" and "I'm sorrys." George struggles in vain to control himself, reaches the aisle --

And Knuckles really cranks it up -- hits a long series of commands -- and all hell breaks loose:

-- George back-handsprings down to the orchestra pit, eliciting shouts and points -- "That's George Jetson!", etc.
-- Jane holds her head in her hands -- kid USHERS rush George -- the KID ORCHESTRA ups the volume -- Judy and the Boys struggle to ignore the ruckus --

-- George knocks the Ushers away -- his feet climb the stairs to the stage as he clings desperately to a seat -- but his hands spring loose and he bounds --

ONTO THE STAGE

-- Judy does a tour jetee into his arms.

JUDY

Daddy!

GEORGE

Hi Princess -- great show.

Trooper Judy pastes on a smile and they shuffle off to Buffalo with minor success. But George breaks loose and solos -- splits, leaps, spins -- more like Gorbachov than Baryshnikov. Judy, humiliated beyond her wildest nightmares, runs off the stage.

Jane, knowing how she feels, grabs Elroy and explodes to --

THE LOBBY

-- where they pass a chuckling Knuckles. Jane paces and mutters -- but Elroy watches Knuckles key in the coup de grace --

ON STAGE

-- a final burst of energy sends George crashing through a Rube Goldberg series of events -- he smashes into a flat, the flat hits a curtain cable, the cable pulls a this, which causes a that --

-- in the process, a flat falls across a LASER LIGHT -- the shield is knocked loose so that the LASER BEAM hits:

-- George, in precisely the spot where the potentializer was implanted. There's a puff of smoke, a singe mark, and George mercifully crumples.

IN THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

Elroy sees his dad hit the floor --

ELROY

Pop!

Knuckles wheels on him. Elroy looks at the remote device, at his dad on stage. And knows. He back pedals --

KNUCKLES

Hey, squirt -- wanna piece of candy?

Elroy has backed into a breathing mountain, he looks up --

ELROY

Astro!

It is indeed -- Astro shows Knuckles his teeth.

ELROY
(to Knuckles)
You two met?

Knuckles thinks twice, exits fast, Elroy's mind spinning as he looks after him.

ON STAGE - LATER

The aftermath -- a scramble of cast, crew, parents, police and fire officials. In the center of it all PARAMEDICS tend to woozy George. Altair, carrying roses, comforts Judy. Marsha and Darrow comfort Jane who tightens her rein on Elroy --

JANE
Honey, let the doctors look at him.

ELROY
But Mom --

MARSHA
(kneeling to him)
Elroy, try to understand, your daddy's a very sick man.

ELROY
No!
(looks to Jane)
Mom -- it was that Neanderthal in the lobby.

JANE
(sighs, turns to Judy)
Come on, Judy -- let's go home.

JUDY
What home?

Judy takes the roses from Altair, drops them on George.

JUDY
Farewell, Father.
(exits with Altair)

MARSHA
She's right, Jane. You are not going anywhere that man can get near you.

Jane caves in, lets herself and Elroy be gathered up by

Marsha and Darrow and led away from George.

ELROY

Pop! Pop! It's not your fault!
Pop!

CUT TO:

EXT. COGSWELL COGS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cogswell paces nervously as Knuckles looks on.

KNUCKLES

I tried to grab him, but he had
this horse with him.

COGSWELL

Hmmmm, and if the kid tells
Jetson what he saw.... damn, we
must make certain he goes through
with Expotech.

(hitting on an idea)
Perhaps there are other ways to
long distance remote a fellow.

He and Knuckles share a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARROW'S CAR ON SKYWAY - NIGHT

-- Marsha, Darrow, Jane and Elroy speeding through the
night, FEATURE Elroy orienting himself --

DARROW

You'll see, starting over is a
snap. We'll give you a raise,
the company will find you an
apartment...

Jane sinks. Elroy checks his gravitator belt --

MARSHA

You've got to face it, Jane, these
things happen. You always think
it can't happen to you, then boom
-- there you are -- divorce court.

-- and as Darrow stops at a red light, Elroy POPS the door,
leaps out, and disappears into the night.

JANE

Elroy!!

DARROW

Damn kid.

JANE

Damn kid?!? Can you blame him?
(they look at her blankly)
Here you two are talking about
marriage like -- like it was just
a piece of burnt toast. You know
what I think? I think you're
just jealous of something you'll
never have. Something warm and
wonderful, life-giving and real.
My marriage isn't just a hobby
you grow out of -- it's my life.
Now get me to a phone before it's
too late to rescue it.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE'S BAR -- ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

VOICE (O.S.)

You mean you've had this thing in
your head right along?

GEORGE (O.S.)

Yeah, for weeks.

VOICE (O.S.)

Well, no wonder you've been acting
like such a chump. That explains
everything.

INT. JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

-- CAMERA moves toward a corner where George buries his
troubles in a drink. We can't yet see his Father Confessor.

GEORGE

Everything but what Cogswell wants
out of Senator Zachary.

VOICE

Fer cry-eye -- don't you read the
paper I bring you every morning?

(OFF -- to amazed

BARTENDER)

Another round here, Chief. -----

CAMERA comes around to George's friend: Astro.

ASTRO

What he wants are those galactic exploration contracts -- there's an article practically every day.

(George doesn't get it)

Zachary is head of the Senate committee that decides who gets them. That's why he's buddying up to him, playing golf and all that.

GEORGE

Of course! And if Cogswell can remote control him like he did me --

ASTRO

-- then Zachary gives Cogswell the contracts and Cogswell gets richer. The way I figure it, you were just the control subject -- somebody to fine tune their remote device on.

GEORGE

I still can't get over it.

ASTRO

It's simple, but brilliant.

GEORGE

I meant you. A talking dog. But what's with all that "rabsorootry" jazz all these years?

ASTRO

Think about it -- did you really want a dog around who can speak 854 galactic languages? The best thing about telling a dog your troubles is that you don't think he understands you.

GEORGE

You must be a genius.

ASTRO

Hey, I'm the one who came to your planet, remember? But enough of this waxing sentimental. I'm going home -- you get on the

(MORE)

ASTRO (CONT'D)
phone and ask forgiveness from
your wife. My hunch is she's at
Marsha's.

(George goes -- Astro calls
after him)
And don't be afraid to beg.
Believe me -- you get used to it.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Elroy enters the darkened house.

ELROY
Hello? Pop, are you here?

He follows an erratic WHIRRING to --

THE REC ROOM

There is Rosie -- her feet where her head should be and vice-versa -- the whirring emitted by her visible mechanical innards.

ROSIE
(strained)
Run, Elroy, run!

Elroy turns to run. Knuckles steps into his path, weapon at the ready.

KNUCKLES
Hey, Hopalong -- where's the nag?
(the Video-phone
BEEPS)
Heh heh heh, maybe that's him now,
huh?
(answering -- Jane's wide-eyed image appears)
Jetson residence.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

George is on a pay video-phone.

GEORGE
-- kidnapped?!?

He hits the wall furiously -- SMASH -- puts his hand right through it. George LOOKS at his hand surprised -- while for the briefest of moments his entire body FLASHES orange.

JANE

-- by a huge ugly man with one eyebrow. He said you had to go on with your program at Expotech or else.

GEORGE

One eyebrow, hnnh... I think I know where to start looking.

JANE

What's going on? Who was he? What program? Oh, George, how did we ever let this happen to us?

GEORGE

I love you, Jane.

JANE

One step at a time, dear.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Spacely examines the bent bar bell, the exploded teaching machine.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

(weeping)

He was like my own son!

DR. BOONE

Apparently Albert got jealous of George's progress and tried the teaching machine on his own, but he turned it up too high and the laser conductor coil exploded.

SPACELY

You mean the laser hit the gizmo?!

DR. BOONE

Which sped up all his bodily processes, and, for a short time anyway, gave him incredible powers.

PHYSICAL TRAINER
(weeping)
My own flesh and blood!

Spacely winces. Dr. Boone leads him across the lab to sheet-covered Albert under a hi-tech SCANNING MACHINE, only his head and a hand showing. A computer graphic shows a two-color rendering of his body: the overwhelming glowing orange area indicates he's 96% crystal; small green patches near his heart and brain indicate the mere 4% which remains biological.

Spacely ventures to him, fearfully looks at Albert's hand. His skin is like shale, the hair like brittle fiberglass.

SPACELY
(shuddering)
96% crystal! That's terrible!

The scanning machine BEEPS --

DR. BOONE
97%. Apparently its growth is tied to the adrenalin flow -- the more he used the powers the more the crystal replicated itself throughout his system.
(produces computer read-out)
According to the new data the process was inevitable -- a question of years -- but the laser acted as a catalyst.

SPACELY
Look -- I'm sorry about the monkey, but Jetson hasn't been lasered. He's still under control.

DR. BOONE
(sighs)
... about Jetson being under control, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE: George rubs the spot where the laser struck him as he leaves the bar. He hops over a puddle on the sidewalk -- and BOUNDS forty feet -- zig-zags crazily through the air -- lands with a THUD -- emits another orange flash (and will continue to do so every time he uses the laser-induced super powers.)

GEORGE

Yeow -- musta been that second
Johnny Walker.

But tentatively he attempts another hop -- another forty feet -- he CRASHES into a light standard -- and bends it to the pavement. George recovers, grins at his new-found strength -- and learns --

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

George kangaroos across the city -- forty feet at a hop -- BOING, BOING, BOING -- finally arriving at --

EXT. COGSWELL COGS - NIGHT

George takes in its enormity -- how to find Elroy? He moves to the apparently wide-open entrance -- KER-ZAPPA! -- and is knocked flat by a security force field. He rises, woozy, gathers his wits and CHARGES -- sparks fly as he CRASHES through and lands in a flashing orange heap in --

INT. COGSWELL COGS - LOBBY - NIGHT

-- where he gets his bearings, moves through the quietly humming environs while --

INT. COGSWELL SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Elroy sits imprisoned in a force-field. Across the room Knuckles SNORES, laser weapon in one hand, an open bag of beer nuts in the other. Elroy produces the move-it device, points it at the laser gun -- but his eye is drawn to a bank of security monitors on the wall --

-- where George is seen stealing across the lobby. Elroy strains against his force-field bonds for a better look -- KER-ZAPPA! -- rudely awakened Knuckles falls out of his chair, looks to Elroy just as he hides the move-it device, then to the security monitors -- just as George steps out of frame.

INT. COGSWELL COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

George confronts a vast array of computer equipment, video monitors, a complicated control console. George studies the console's switches and functions, keys in commands --

A SERIES OF SHOTS --

-- as one after another video-phones BEEP unanswered in various offices throughout the building.....

BACK TO SCENE

George watches a monitor displaying a computer graphic of the building's floorplan -- which lights up office-by-office as the phone is punched up in each.

INT. SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Knuckles is just nodding off to dreamland when the phone BEEPS him back to life. Knuckles starts to answer but thinks better of it -- flicks off the "Transmit Picture" switch. As he answers Elroy once again produces the move-it device --

KNUCKLES

Hello? Cogsfish? That you?

Elroy flicks on the move-it -- and the "Transmit Picture" switch clicks "On." Knuckles and George look at each other startled. Knuckles wheels on Elroy --

KNUCKLES

Why you little...

BACK TO GEORGE

-- watching the video-phone screen with horror as Knuckles charges Elroy. George checks the floorplan for the room number, rushes off.

BACK TO SECURITY HEADQUARTERS

As Knuckles re-sets the force-field around Elroy.

KNUCKLES

(examining device, impressed)

Hmmph, I could use a clever squirt
like you when you grow up --

(CRUSHES device underfoot)

-- if you grow up.

George BURSTS open the door.

ELROY

Dad!

KNUCKLES

(covering him with weapon)

Didn't you forget to say "fore?"

Knuckles turns off the force field, gestures George into it.

GEORGE

(sits, imprisoned)

Don't worry, son -- Dad's here.

KNUCKLES

That's touching, Jetson.

GEORGE

So what does your owner have in mind for us now?

KNUCKLES

(bristles, gestures gun)

Don't tempt me.

GEORGE

(cool)

Way I figure it you've got to use it anyway.

ELROY

(LOOKS at him)

Can I start worrying again, Pop?

GEORGE

We know Cogswell's going to implant the stolen potentializer in Senator Zachary, then remote him into awarding him the galactic exploration contracts.

ELROY

(to George)

We do?

(to Knuckles)

We don't. Honest.

GEORGE

You're supposed to keep us under wraps till the operation's on ice -- but there's a problem...

KNUCKLES

Enlighten me.

GEORGE

We'll always be a threat to blow the whistle. You've got no choice -- you've gotta kill us.

ELROY

Gee, Dad -- you sure told him.

KNUCKLES
(slides laser gun bolt)
Makes sense to me.

GEORGE
But now you enlighten me, as long
as we're going die anyway -- how
was Cogswell going trick Zachary
into having the implant?

KNUCKLES
Easy -- slip him a mickey during
your Expotech demo and cart him
off to the zero-gravity hospital
before anybody's the wiser.
Simple, hunh?

GEORGE
Even brilliant.

George leaps to his feet -- and KER-ZAPPA! -- EXPLODES
through the force field and pulls the surprised Knuckles
back INTO the direct line of the force field's energy plane
-- Knuckles writhes as if he's caught on an electrified
fence.

MOMENTS LATER

Unconscious Knuckles is inside the force field, George and
Elroy are on the outside. But George is flashing even more
frequently now. Elroy sees.

ELROY
Dad, what is it?

GEORGE
(knowing, sanguine)
It's the price of dreaming.

Elroy reaches up and takes George's hand. They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. INTER-GALACTIC SPACEPORT - NIGHT

The same busy LAX images. Judy and Altair in the check-in
line for a flight to Korrinian 3.

JUDY
Great show, ha!

ALTAIR

The rudest display of earthling behavior I've ever endured.

JUDY

I've never been so humiliated in my life.

ALTAIR

The destruction and foolishness. The terrible, wanton, idiocy. The hideous, foul, waste of --

JUDY

(wincing)

I get the idea.

(remembers, chuckles)

It was kind of funny though. I mean, it was one of the worst moments of my life, but --

(laughs again)

-- boy, when he first came bounding up on stage -- that look on his face.

ALTAIR

I thought it was ridiculous.

JUDY

C'mon, you gotta admit --

ALTAIR

It was stupid.

JUDY

(suddenly sobering)

So maybe you have a lousy sense of humor. Come to think of it -- maybe you don't have any sense of humor at all. Are you always so cool? Don't you ever laugh at anything?

ALTAIR

Once we eliminated pain and suffering we saw that laughter served no purpose.

JUDY

But it's one of the great joys of life! Or did you eliminate joy, too?

ALTAIR

Judy, you're getting angry.
(holds out his hand)
Here -- let me make it better.

JUDY

(regards his hand as if a
disgusting reptile)

Oh no you don't -- I want to be
angry, I want to be sad. To know
joy and pain. Laughter and
suffering. Love and hate.

ALTAIR

You just think you do -- when we
get to Korrinian you'll see how --

JUDY

Boring life would be without
them.

ALTAIR

You're being unreasonable.

JUDY

(smiles)

Well, as my father says -- that's
life!

(and exits)

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

With the quiet inner fortitude of soldiers the night before
a battle, George, Jane, Elroy and Astro resolutely finish
reconstructing hapless Rosie. They search the room for a
final piece. Judy enters -- in her hand, the errant part.

EXT. JETSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

CAMERA pulls slowly away -- eerie orange flashes crackling
through the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER CONVENTION CENTER -- ROOF - DAY

Expotech ORGANIZERS and local DIGNITARIES have rolled out
the red carpet for the silently alighting Cogswell Cogs
private Lear Craft. The hatch is popped and a pair of
SECRET SERVICE MEN warily emerges, clear a path for Senator
Zachary and Cogswell.

A bikini-clad BEAUTY QUEEN dizzily rushes up with an honorary Expotech '87 fruit basket. Secret Service wrestle her down and rip the basket apart in search of contraband. Fruit goes flying but they find nothing. They hand back an empty basket, which she ceremonially hands to Zachary. He smiles politely and moves on. Ah, the provinces.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

You could park the Queen Mary in this place. Expotech '87 in full swing -- a state fair atmosphere -- booths, banners, balloons, CROWDS of curious CONSUMERS. A sign at the Spacely Sprockets booth:

Meet George Jetson
Today -- 3:00 -- In Performance Hall

AT A BOOTH

A CONSUMER looks down at something in his hands as a SALES REPRESENTATIVE looks on.

CONSUMER
So where are the buttons?

REPRESENTATIVE
It's the latest thing -- you do it all yourself.

REVEAL: Consumer holds a classic nylon string guitar. Representative guides Consumer's fingers through a lovely ringing chord.

CONSUMER
(stunned, pleased with himself)
Craziest damn synthesizer I've ever seen.

ANOTHER BOOTH

A REP with an unhappy-looking older COUPLE at a colorful gardening exhibit.

REP
(holding out seeds)
They're called seeds.

MAN
(mystified)
And you roll 'em up in dirt?

REP

(delicately correcting)
You plant them. In soil. And you
wind up with --

(he produces a window box
of splendid tulips)

-- this.

(oochs, aaaahs)
Isn't it marvelous? It takes
weeks. Imagine the satisfaction
of watching them grow, the hours of
joy you'll find tending a garden
together.

The folks imagine, smile at each other for the first time in years.

YET ANOTHER BOOTH

Bowls of individually wrapped taffy pieces on a counter. A too-cool looking YOUNG COUPLE watches two REPS demonstrate taffy pulling.

WOMAN HIPSTER

Mind if we try?

The Reps hand over the six foot hunk of gooey sugar. The Couple pulls -- and has a blast.

CUT TO:

INT. PERFORMANCE HALL - LATER

3:00. A crowded auditorium. There is pomp. There is circumstance. In a designated section the PRESS CORPS hungrily reads a Spacely press release.

IN THE VIP SECTION

ROBOT HOSPITALITY GIRLS serve champagne and pate to big-shots. Cogswell is among them, an empty chair next to him.

ON STAGE

Flashy holographs silently depict all the greatest inventions of mankind since the wheel while Senator Zachary makes the key-note speech.

ZACHARY

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with great pride that I have accepted

(MORE)

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

the role of honorary chairman of
Expotech '87. American technology
has always been, and always will be
--- (MORE)

BACKSTAGE

A resolute Jane updates a reeling Spacely.

SPACELY

... then Cogswell really doesn't
have an entry. I can't believe
it. He told me the truth. And
George went out on this crazy limb
for me and the company?

JANE

For all of us. And he's
determined to see it through.

SPACELY

What is he nuts? You should see
poor little Albert.

(shuddering)

George belongs in a hospital --
maybe we can reverse the process,
get the gizmo out, start again.

JANE

Spacely, face it -- the gizmo is a
failure! You're going to lose
every last dime.

(Spacely chokes)

But don't you get it? You started
with a dream of making the world a
better place. That dream can
still come true -- but only by
letting the world see just how
wrong this all was to begin with.

(lets it sink in)

If George doesn't go on, if we
don't go ahead with his plan...
then you truly will lose everything.

(she's got him)

BEYOND

-- at center stage, Elroy and Astro look down into a
hydraulic-lift cavity in the stage floor from which orange
FLASHES erupt.

ELROY

You okay down there?

GEORGE (O.S.)

Er, I guess. Are all --
(slipping into a
robotic monotone)
-- the required participants at
their designated coordinates?
(growls, pounds himself)
Gotta get a grip...

ELROY

Try not to move. That makes it
worse.

Elroy LOOKS OFF -- Zachary leaves the stage to APPLAUSE.
Spacely hails him over, introduces Jane who tells Zachary
something. Zachary looks shocked, then listens close as
Jane explains the plan.

ELROY

Looks like we're on. Good luck,
Pop.

GEORGE

Thank you, son. Thank you, son.
Thank you --
(whack! -- George slaps
himself out of it)
You know what I mean.

Elroy and Astro join Jane as the "Meet George Jetson" MUSIC
CUE is heard.

IN THE VIP SECTION -- MOMENTS LATER

Zachary eases into his seat next to Cogswell.

COGSWELL

Terrific speech, Duke, terrific.
Champagne?

ZACHARY

Delighted.

COGSWELL

Girl, please.
(a Robot Hospitality
Girl appears)
Champagne for the Senator.

GIRL

Yessir.

The Robot Girl is actually Judy. She and Zachary share a fleeting look.

INT. PERFORMANCE HALL - DAY

The MUSIC crescendos -- the hall BUZZES -- houselights go down -- a drum roll --

ON THE STAGE

The before and after George Jetson diamond vision drops into place. A SPOTLIGHT finds Spacely.

SPACELY

We have quite a demonstration planned for you today.

(laughs hollowly)

Not the demonstration we had in mind. But maybe one that shows us something we need to be reminded of more often. Ladies and Gentlemen, meet George Jetson.

Spacely exits, joins Jane and Elroy. The spotlight is killed -- lights in back come up -- and the hydraulic platform ASCENDS to stage level carrying its silhouetted cargo. George. His body popping FLASHES of orange.

GEORGE

You've all read the press release. You know that until a few weeks ago I was an ordinary guy. And then, I was implanted with a device to make me a perfect human being.

IN THE VIP SECTION

As Zachary intently watches George, Cogswell deftly drops a snow-flake shaped tablet into the Senator's champagne -- it fizzes and instantly disappears.

ON STAGE

GEORGE

But it's a funny thing... we depend so much on our machines and get going so fast that --

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(slipping into that
robotic monotone)

-- sometimes we lose sight of who
we are as people.

Audience BUZZES. Jane, Elroy, Astro cling to one another.
George struggles, growls, pounds on himself.

GEORGE
(human again)

We have faults. We have
imperfections. We are irrational.

IN THE VIP SECTION

Robot Judy delivers drinks at the table next to Cogswell.
Cogswell anxiously watches Zachary pull his champagne toward
his mouth. Judy knocks into Cogswell, spills champagne on
him.

COGSWELL

(whirling to Judy)

Dammit, girl.

JUDY

(setting her tray on
table, dabbing Cogswell)

I'm sorry, sir.

Zachary quickly switches his drugged drink with a fresh one
from her tray. Cogswell turns back, SEES Zachary drink --
and checks his watch -- 30 seconds and counting.

ON STAGE

GEORGE

(robotic)

But it's our ability to rise above
these flaws --

(pound, growl -- human:)

-- to accept ourselves, and care
about one another that makes us --

(thud, whack!)

-- human beings. And perfectly
imperfect. Unlike me.

The lights COME UP up and we see what he's become -- a
changed man, all right -- a robot. Crystal shapes in place
of pupils, brittle fiberglass for hair, skin the texture of
shale, his features chiseled and mechanical looking. For
all intents and purposes a futuristic Frankenstein monster.

People respond with shock, dismay, astonishment, horror.

IN THE VIP SECTION

Even Cogswell looks astonished. But suddenly he has his hands full as -- Zachary keels over.

COGSWELL

Good God! Help, help!

Secret Service and USHERS rush to Zachary's aid. Behind them, Judy gives a thumbs up in the direction of --

THE WINGS

-- where Jane, Elroy, Astro and Spacely watch all. Elroy returns the thumbs up.

IN THE VIP SECTION

A gurney appears, unconscious Zachary is loaded on it --

COGSWELL

I'm parked on the roof -- we'll get him to a hospital!

Zachary is rolled away. A MAN runs up --

MAN

I'm a doctor! Can I help?

COGSWELL

No, no, stand aside -- it's his heart -- an attack of angio endothelioma!

Zachary suddenly jolts upright -- conscious and clear-eyed. We now realize the "Man" is Dr. Boone.

ZACHARY

Now how would you know that?
Unless that's what you wanted it to look like.

Judy appears, toasts with the drugged champagne.

JUDY

Cheers -- a little cooked goose with your champagne?

Cogswell panics -- chucks the gurney at the Secret Service and runs for it. Secret Service recover, draw weapons --

it's too crowded to fire. A foot chase ensues.

ON STAGE

Jane, Judy, Elroy, Astro, and Spacely rush to George.

SPACELY

Come on, Jetson, we've gotta get
you to a hospital.

GEORGE

(breaking loose)

But he's getting away.

(starts forward --
his robot side pulls
him back)

It is illogical to get involved.

(pound, whack! -- human)

I've got to catch him. I've got
to see it through.

(robotic)

Too much exertion and I will be
consumed by the gizmo.

(pound, whack -- a
determined super human)

I've got to try!

ALL

(grabbing for him)

George, no!

But he bounds away. Astro shakes his head.

ASTRO

(sighs)

Ah well, "The best laid plans of
mice and men..."

Spacely, Judy, Jane, and Elroy LOOK at him.

ASTRO

Robert Burns.

SPACELY

Your dog can talk?

ASTRO

That's not all I can do.

(to Elroy)

Hop on, kiddo.

Elroy leaps on his back and rides away.

SPACELY
(er, stunned)
You Jetsons are one helluva
family.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER ROOF - DAY

Cogswell explodes out the roof access door. There's a forklift used to haul away the red carpet and other welcoming goodies. Cogswell gets it moving -- parks it in front of the door -- then dashes to his Lear craft.

INT. THE STAIRS TO THE ROOF - DAY

Secret Service race up the stairs -- Elroy-on-Astro close on their heels.

EXT. THE LEAR ON THE ROOF - DAY

Cogswell madly flips cockpit switches. The THRUSTERS build power -- BACKWIND rushes -- but Cogswell suddenly looks wide-eyed --

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

-- as George SOARS over the side of the building and triumphantly lands. A beat late -- Cogswell's craft starts to rise --

-- George grabs a landing gear strut in one hand -- the side of the roof in the other -- and keeps it from climbing.

INT. THE DOOR - DAY

Secret Service hit the door -- it opens only a crack. One of them pokes out his head, bends around to see --

SECRET SERVICE ONE
Good God -- Jetson's holding it
down!

SECRET SERVICE TWO
Help him already! Shoot something.

EXT. ON THE ROOF - DAY

Cogswell boosting the power -- George boosting his power -- the orange flashing even more frequent.

INT. THE DOOR - DAY

SECRET SERVICE ONE
(wrenching around,
weapon in hand)
I can't get an angle.

Elroy and Astro gallop up.

ELROY
Get outa of my way! That's my dad.

SECRET SERVICE TWO
(blocking his path)
Come on, kid, what are you gonna
do?

ELROY
(looks out)
That's a Lear. I built a model of
it!

(quickly racking his memory)
Let's see -- it's a GB451 with an
anti-gravity thrust of 100 G's per
second, an alternate conductive
hyper-drive -- and -- yes! -- an
exterior twin cam overhead
automatic reverse!

Secret Service LOOK at each other -- let him slither past.

EXT. THE ROOF - DAY

Elroy looks the craft over -- there on its belly, between an aileron and a support strut is the exterior automatic reverse button. Elroy looks around for something to throw -- there's an errant apple from the contraband fruit basket.

Elroy picks it up -- zeroes in on the button -- only a perfectly thrown curveball will achieve his ends. He casts a look at George, winds up... and pitches. ZING! A perfect shot. The Lear drops to the roof with a thud.

Elroy rushes to George, who no longer flashes. He GLOWS continuously.

MINUTES LATER

In the B.G. Cogswell is arrested and led away. Glowing, chiseled George lies on a gurney surrounded by solemn Jane, Judy, Elroy, Astro, Spacely and Dr. Boone.

DR. BOONE

I'm sorry, but there is simply
none of his humanity left.

JANE

George is in there somewhere.
It's a question of finding him.

DR. BOONE

Impossible. We tried everything
to bring Albert back. It's
hopeless.

JANE

You didn't try everything.

She produces the Cassiopeian kaleidoscope. She puts it to
George's eye as the family moves in closer.

JANE

Come on, honey, see the colors.

JUDY

I know you're in there, Daddy.
You've always been there for us..

ELROY

You promised you'd be back, Pop.
You promised.

But there is no change at all. Dr. Boone shakes his head as
everyone backs off. Everyone but Astro who suddenly sees a
tiny tear appear in the corner of George's glazed eye.
Elroy follows Astro's gaze.

ELROY

Look!

The tiny tear wells and wells -- until it cascades down
George's cheek -- with the power of Niagra Falls. All look,
their own tears cascading. The glow begins to dissipate.
Dr. Boone grabs George's hand -- and even as he watches the
chiseled effect reverses itself -- the hand turning human.

DR. BOONE

(gestures kaleidoscope)

May I?

(looks through it)

Well, whattaya know? It works.

We SEE his POV -- ROCKET through the colors and shapes and
explode onto:

EXT. SPACEBALL FIELD - DAY

A pre-game ceremony takes place near home-plate.

ASTRO (VO)

Yes, I'd found a home on earth,
all right. And I'd made any
number of discoveries. The
inhabitants of this funny little
planet turned out to be more than
merely friendly.

Senator Zachary pins a Congressional Medal on a wholly reconstituted George. George looks up into the stands where Judy, Astro and Jane beam with pride. Jane's caterpillar has been replaced by a glorious butterfly.

MOMENTS LATER

In the stands, Senator Zachary and Spacely sharing a huge tub of popcorn.

ASTRO (VO)

Even the more dubious emerged with finer qualities and were rewarded.

Zachary produces a contract, hands it over -- we GLIMPSE it -- "Congress of the United Space of America" -- "for the further exploration of space," etc.

ON THE FIELD

George throws out the first ball, then goes to the stands as the players take the field. Elroy looks in at Vladimir as Butch Harris comes to the plate. Elroy pitches -- Butch misses it.

UMPIRE

Stee-rike one!

ASTRO (VO)

I'd even discovered that the universe did exist before I got there.

Elroy pitches -- another miss.

UMPIRE

Stee-rike two!

ASTRO (VO)

That it's not a question of seeing something yourself, but of believing in something that you can't see.

Elroy looks up to the stands, shares a confident, knowing look with George. He winds up, pitches, the ball WHISTLES toward Butch -- and we FREEZE FRAME --

ASTRO (VO)

Well, do you believe?

(long pause)

What the heck, sure you do.

The image UNFREEZES -- the ball WHISTLES into Vladimir's glove.

There is jubilation as CAMERA pulls back, back, and back to the outmost reaches of the universe as TITLES ROLL.

* * * THE END * * *